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Julia and the Bel-Lanab
1813 ~

Lily and Minnie ~
N. D.

Little Jack ~ 1817



12th 1851



Remains of the old bridge over the river
at the foot of the hill

FRONTISPIECE



*It cried as if it was in pain?
vide page 8*

JULIA


AND

THE PET-LAMB;

OR,

GOOD TEMPER AND COMPASSION

REWARDED.



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1813.

JULIA

AND

THE PET-LAMB.

“NOW, mamma, I have finished my work: is it well done?” said little Julia, as she showed the pocket-handkerchief she had just hemmed to her mother. Her mother replied, “Yes, my love, very well done: fold it neatly up, put it into my work-bag, and then go to play.”

JULIA. May I go into the garden? The sun is in the west, but he is not set. Look, mamma, how beautiful the sky is! The clouds are like gold! And see, the fields and trees, a great

way off, are of a beautiful purple colour; while the elm trees here, on this side of the garden, look almost yellow, because the sun shines on them. Mamma, may I go to the bottom of the lane, behind the elm trees? I shall have time to go there before the sun is quite gone.

MRS. VINCENT. Why, Julia, do you wish to go there?

JULIA. Because the bank, near the end of the lane, is covered with primroses, and violets, and cowslips. You know, mamma, Mary, my dear Mary, will come home to-morrow. Now I should like to pick a great many flowers, and put them into her room, to look pretty and to smell sweet. Mary is fond of primroses, violets, and cowslips. May I go, mamma? I will not be gone long: I will run very fast all the way there,

and all the way back. May I go, mamma?

MRS. V. Yes, my dear, you may: you may stay out half an hour—not longer.

JULIA. Oh, thank you, mamma! Half an hour is very long: I shall come in sooner than that. I am sure I shall not stay out so long, so very long, as half an hour.

MRS. V. I do not desire you to come in sooner; but if you do not take care, you will, perhaps, stay beyond the time I have mentioned. Half an hour will pass very quickly, whilst you are busy gathering your nosegay.

JULIA. I believe you are right, mamma; for I never know when it is an hour, or when it is half an hour. When I am doing any thing

that is disagreeable, the time seems so long; but when I am talking with you, or doing any thing that is very agreeable, an hour seems like a minute. How shall I know when to come in? Can you tell me, mamma?

MRS. V. It is now half past six o'clock; when the church clock strikes seven, come in.

JULIA. Oh, yes! thank you, mamma. I can hear the church clock strike very well, from the place where the primroses grow; and I can listen all the time I am gathering the flowers.

MRS. V. Well, put on your hat; make haste. If you go on chattering here, the half hour will be over before you get to the bank.

Julia put on her hat, her tippet and her gloves, and ran as fast as she could down the lane. When she

reached the spot where the flowers grew, she was tired and out of breath. She sat on the bank, for a few minutes, to recover her breath: she was soon rested. Then she jumped up, and began to look about her. She looked round for the largest and freshest flowers, as she wished to have a beautiful bow-pot. She had only gathered three primroses, a few violets, and had her hand on a fine wild hyacinth, to pluck it, when she heard a rustling noise behind her: she looked to see what occasioned it. As she turned her head, something large, white, and heavy, fell over the hedge, from the field on the other side, rolled down the bank, and lay quite still. Julia wondered what it could be. At first she thought it was a large stone; but she did not

see or hear any person who could have rolled it over the hedge ; and stones cannot move by themselves. She stood looking towards the place where the white thing lay, unable to decide what it was. In a few moments she heard the faint bleat of a lamb. Now she guessed it was a poor lamb, which had been frightened. She supposed that, in its haste to get away from the cause of its terror, it had fallen down the high bank into the lane. She feared it was much hurt ; for it cried, as if it was in pain, and did not attempt to move. She went up close to it : it lay quite still : she patted its back—it bleated piteously—it tried to lick her hand. She was surprised to find it so gentle, till she observed a blue ribbon about its neck : then she thought it was Miss Beauchamp's

pet-lamb. She had been told that Miss Beauchamp had a favourite lamb, which was so tame that it fed out of her hand. She recollected, likewise, that the field next the lane belonged to Sir Henry Beauchamp; that his house was very near, a few yards to the right. She therefore felt quite sure it was Miss Beauchamp's lamb. Julia was sorry the poor animal was hurt: she wished somebody would come and take it home; but she feared, that if she ran to tell the people at Sir Harry Beauchamp's to fetch it, the church-clock would strike seven before she had finished gathering her bow-pot. She turned to go back to the flowers. The poor lamb bleated again, very piteously, and seemed to implore her to have compassion for its sufferings. Julia stopped: she said,

“Mary is kind and humane: she would not leave any animal in distress, without trying to assist it. Besides, when I read, to-day, how God made the world and all things in it, mamma told me he was good and merciful; that he loved all the creatures he had made: she said too, we ought to endeavour to imitate him, that he may love us.—No; God will not love me, if I am cruel to this poor little lamb. Well, I will go and tell somebody at the house where it is. Perhaps, after all, I shall have time to get a small bow-pot.”

Away Julia ran; but in a moment she heard the barking of a dog: she saw the lamb make an effort to rise and run away; but it could not stand, it fell down directly.

“Poor little lamb!” said Julia,

“how terrified it is : no doubt that is the dog which hunted it. If I go away, the cruel dog may find it, and worry it to death, before any person can come to its assistance. Oh ! I see the dog running across the field yonder. What can I do? I will try to carry the lamb home: it is only a little way to Sir Henry Beauchamp’s house.”

Julia returned to the lamb, and after two or three endeavours, succeeded in getting it up into her little arms. It was very heavy: it was as much as she could carry. When it bleated, she said, “Do not cry, pretty little lamb : I try not to hurt you ; but you are very heavy, and if I do not hold you tight, you will fall to the ground. I am carrying you home, where you will be taken care of. I will make haste : I will walk

as fast as I can—but you are very heavy.”

The lamb could not understand what the little girl said; however, it was accustomed to be petted and caressed, therefore her kindness and fondling soothed and pleased the poor animal. It lay quietly in her arms: it neither kicked nor struggled to get away.

Julia walked as fast as she could; yet she got on very slowly, for she was soon tired; so tired, that she would have sat down to have rested, had she not feared the dog might jump from the field into the lane, and follow her. Besides, if she did not make haste, there was no chance of her having time to gather the primroses before seven o'clock. She went on, therefore, only stopping a moment, now and then, to recover



*I will walk as fast as I can - but
you are very heavy.*



breath. At length she reached the end of the lane. She turned to the right; but before she had gone as far as the gate that opened into Sir Henry Beauchamp's park, she saw several people come through it, and come towards her. A little girl ran on before the rest of the group: when she was near Julia, she exclaimed, "It is my lamb! The moment I saw you, I knew you! Dear, naughty lamb, why did you run away from me?—Thank you for bringing him to me. You look very tired. Give him to me now, if you please: I will carry him to his own house."—"Take care," replied Julia, "how you hold it; for it is badly hurt, I fear. It is not a naughty lamb, I believe. I think it has been hunted by a dog. I was gathering flowers in the lane, when it fell over the

hedge: its leg is cut so badly, that it cannot stand. See, how it bleeds! I was coming to tell you or somebody to fetch it; only I saw a dog at a distance, and I feared he would bite it, if I came away, so I have brought it with me. I made haste, lest the dog should overtake us, if he got into the lane. See, he has found us out! Look, he is running towards us!—I am glad the lamb is safe. No, no, dog; you cannot get the lamb now.”

By the time Julia had finished speaking, Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp, with two servants, who were all in search of the lamb, came up to her. “See, mamma,” said Miss Beauchamp, “this kind little girl has brought my lamb home. He is very much hurt. Poor Bello! you are very heavy: I can hardly hold

you. Mamma, there is the dog which frightened Bello!"

Lady Beauchamp desired one of the servants to carry the lamb into the house, and the other to find out to whom the dog belonged, and to tell his master to keep him at home, that he might not do any more mischief.

Sir Henry Beauchamp returned to the house, to examine the poor lamb's leg, and to see what could be done for it. Miss Beauchamp went likewise, to assist in nursing her favourite.

Lady Beauchamp took Julia by the hand, and said, "I am much obliged to you, my dear, for all the trouble you have taken. Come with me, and eat some strawberries and milk, to cool and refresh yourself: you appear fatigued and heated."

JULIA. Thank you, ma'am ; I should like to rest myself, for I am tired ; but I do not think mamma would be pleased, if I went with you without her permission ; and she only gave me leave to go into the lane to pick flowers. Besides, I am to go into the house again at seven o'clock ; and I wish very much indeed to get some primroses and violets, to ornament Mary's room against to-morrow.

LADY B. You are right, my dear, not to do any thing your mamma would disapprove. What is your name, my love ? Where does your mamma live ? I should like so good a child to come and play with my little girl. If I ask your mamma, perhaps she will allow you to come, some evening, and drink tea with us. I do not think you would

dislike strawberries and milk for supper, if your mamma approved it. Should you?

JULIA, smiling, answered, "Oh, no, ma'am! I like strawberries very much. I used to eat them, last summer; but I did not know there were any ripe now: we have none in our garden. The strawberry-plants are only in blossom."

LADY B. "I have none ripe in the garden. Those I shall give you will come out of a hot-house. Where do you live, my dear? What is your name?"

JULIA. My name is Julia Vincent, ma'am: mamma lives at the top of the lane.

LADY B. At the pretty white cottage, which stands in a garden? I recollect it. Mrs. Vincent has not lived there long, I think?

JULIA. No, ma'am; only a little while. We lived in London before. I do not like London. Mary will come down to-morrow, for the first time. I forget, I shall not be able to gather the flowers for her, if I do not make haste. Good bye, ma'am.

LADY B. Who is Mary.

JULIA. My sister. She is very good. I try to be like her. I hope I may be as good and as wise as Mary, when I am as old. Mamma came here because London made her ill. She brought me with her, but Mary staid with my aunt. To-morrow they will both come here. Then I shall be happy; for I love Mary, she is so kind to me. Mary likes primroses, cowslips, and violets. She will be pleasad to see her room so pretty: she will not expect

to find so many flowers blown, for there are none in London.

As Julia ended her speech, the church-clock began to strike: she added, in a melancholy tone, "So, it is seven! I must go in: Mary will have no flowers.

LADY. B. I am sorry, my love, your kindness to Bello has been the cause of this disappointment to you.

Julia added, more cheerfully—"Perhaps I shall have time to-morrow to get some, before she comes. It is my own fault: if I had gone back directly, I should have been able to have gathered a few. I have lost the time chattering. If I chatter any more, mamma will wonder where I am. Good evening. I hope the lamb will soon be well."

Julia ran home. Her mother was

surprised to see her 'return empty-handed. "Where are your flowers, Julia?" asked Mrs. Vincent: "I expected to have seen a bow-pot almost as big as yourself."

JULIA. Oh, mamma! just as I was beginning to gather it, a poor lamb fell over the hedge. It was so badly hurt, that it could not walk—it could not stand. It was very tame, and had a collar of blue ribbon round its neck. So I guessed it belonged to the young lady who lives at the large house in the park. You know, mamma, Mrs. Thomson, who called to see you yesterday, talked a great deal about Miss Beauchamp, and her pet-lamb, which fed out of her hand.

Mrs. V. Yes, I remember she did. Now tell me what became of the lamb.

JULIA. Mamma, I carried it home:—no, not quite home; because I met Miss Beauchamp, and her papa and mamma, before I reached the gate. The lamb was very heavy: I could not walk fast whilst I had it in my arms. By the time the servant took it from me, and that I had talked a little, the church-clock struck seven, and I was obliged to come in without the flowers. I am very sorry—very sorry, indeed; because Mary will come home to-morrow.

MRS. V. Very sorry, for what, Julia? because the lamb is hurt? because you have no flowers? or because Mary will come home to-morrow?

JULIA. Oh, no, mamma, not that. I am glad my dear Mary will come home to-morrow. I am sorry I have no flowers to put into her room. I

wished, so very much, to ornament her room with flowers, to surprise her, that though I was sorry to see the lamb in pain, and bleeding, do you know, mamma, I was near leaving it where it was, and gathering the bow-pot, instead of carrying it to Miss Beauchamp.

MRS. V. What determined you, my dear, to assist the lamb?

JULIA. Why first, mamma, I thought it was not like Mary, to leave it in its distress. Then I remembered, she would know nothing about the matter, so I fixed to gather the primroses ; but just as I settled so to do, I recollected that you told me, this morning, that God was merciful and kind to all things, and that we ought to endeavour to resemble Him : I mean, to resemble Him as much as we can. You know, mam-

ma, if we try and try for ever, we shall never be as good as God is. I was afraid God would be displeased if I were cruel to the poor lamb. Now, though Mary would not know I had been naughty, I was sure God would, as he sees and knows all that is done in the world. Did I think rightly, mamma?

Mrs. V. You did, my dear.

JULIA. Are you glad, mamma?

Mrs. V. I am; I am always glad when you are good. I am pleased you remember what you read, and what you are taught. I rejoice too, to find that you make a proper use of the knowledge you possess. It is of no use to know that God sees and hears us at all times, if we do not take care to act in a manner that is pleasing to him.

Mrs. Vincent then kissed her little

daughter, and patted her rosy cheek. Julia stood by her mother's side a few minutes, without speaking, and then said,

“After all, my being good was of no use, mamma?”

MRS. V. How so? I do not understand you, Julia.

JULIA. Do not you recollect, mamma, I told you, Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp, and two servants, as well as Miss Beauchamp, were all come out to look for the lamb. They would have turned up the lane where the lamb was; so that if I had gathered my bow-pot, Bello (that is the name of the lamb) would have been taken care of, just the same. It would have been the same thing—no, not the same thing, for I should have had the flowers for Mary.

Mrs. V. Stop, Julia ; let us consider a little before you proceed. Perhaps it would not have been the same thing to the lamb ; certainly it would not have been so to you. First, it is possible Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp might not have turned up the lane where the lamb was ; they might have walked straight on. Supposing, after they had looked in other places, they had, at last, found the poor animal, the length of time it might have lain without assistance, would have added greatly to its sufferings. The other day, when you fell off the stile, cut your head, and beat the gravel into the wound, I fancy it would not have been the same thing to you, whether I had attended to it or not ? If, instead of returning directly to the house, soaking your hand in warm

water, cleaning it from the stones and dirt, and putting sticking plaster over it to keep the air from it, I had first finished my walk and had left your hand bleeding, with the gravel sticking in it, for an hour or two, you would have suffered a great deal more pain.

JULIA. Yes, mamma, indeed I should. My hand smarted sadly, and hurt me extremely at first; but after you had dressed it, and tied it up so neatly, it was soon easy. We had a charming walk afterwards. I am sure I should not have enjoyed the walk, or any thing else, whilst the pain continued. Pain is very disagreeable. Well, if I saved the lamb some misery, I am glad; though by doing so, I have lost the flowers. I do not think Mary would have admired them when she found

out that I had left Bello in order to gather them. Every time she looked at them, she would have thought more of the poor animal, than of their pretty colours or sweet smell. Every time she spoke to me, I should have feared she had discovered the truth. When she said, "thank you, dear Julia, for these flowers, I like them very much," I should have thought, You would not love me, if you knew all. I should not be your dear Julia, if you knew I had been cruel and unkind to a dumb animal, on purpose to get this bow-pot. So, after all, mamma, it is well I did not gather the flowers: they would not have made me happy. Mamma, you said, just now, that certainly it would not have been the same thing to me, if I had left the lamb. Why not, mamma?

MRS. V. Goose-cap! why ask that silly question? Reflect on what you have yourself said, and find out the reason if you can.

JULIA. Oh, now I guess, mamma! Because, though the lamb might have been taken care of, I should not have had any merit: I should have been cruel all the same, though chance might have brought some one else to its assistance.

MRS. V. True, my dear; you would have been conscious of having acted improperly.

JULIA. Mamma, if I get up early to-morrow morning, may I go and gather the primroses, violets, and cowslips, before breakfast?

MRS. V. You may; I am glad this idea has occurred to you. I hope you will still enjoy the pleasure of ornamenting Mary's room.

JULIA. Why do you say *hope*, mamma? I am now sure of the flowers, as you have given me permission to gather them.

Mrs. V. You considered yourself sure of them, this evening, when you left me; yet, Julia, you were disappointed. No one is sure of the future. It is possible, something we do not at present foresee may again disappoint you.

JULIA. I do not think so: Miss Beauchamp has no more pet-lambs to fall over the hedge.

Mrs. V. Are Miss Beauchamp's pet-lambs the only things in the world? Suppose it should rain to-morrow morning, I should not then allow you to go out in the wet: I should fear you would catch cold, and be ill, as you were in the winter.

JULIA. Do you think it will rain, mamma?

MRS. V. No, Julia; I do not expect a rainy day to-morrow. The appearance of the evening promises a fine morning. I do not think you will be again disappointed: I hope not. I only said, it was possible you might not be able to accomplish your wishes.

JULIA. Oh dear! If I am disappointed again, what shall I do, mamma?

MRS. V. Bear the trial well, my love. If you should not have all you wish for, you will still have a great deal to make you happy. Do not look sorrowfully, Julia. You are not disappointed yet. It will be time enough for that dismal face, when the evil is come. It is wise to resolve to behave well when we are

tried: it is silly to fret about misfortunes which may never happen. You told me you talked a little—to whom?

JULIA. To Lady Beauchamp.

Mrs. V. What did she say to you? What did you say to her?

JULIA. She thanked me for carrying the lamb home: she asked me to go with her, to eat strawberries and milk.

Mrs. V. Did you go?

JULIA. No, mamma. Might I have gone? I thought you would not approve of my going, without your knowing where I was.

Mrs. V. You judged correctly. I should not have confidence in you, if, when I permitted you to go to one place, you went to another, without my knowledge. I should not then trust you out of my sight.

JULIA. I am glad you have confidence in me: but, mamma, do you know, Lady Beauchamp said she would ask you to give me leave to spend an evening with her little girl. Shall you permit me to go, mamma?

MRS. V. I cannot decide now, my dear: when Lady Beauchamp fixes a time for your visit, I shall be able to judge whether it will be convenient and proper for you to accept the invitation or not.

JULIA. I hope it will be convenient and proper. I dare say I should be very happy, and spend the evening very agreeably. Do not you think so, mamma?

MRS. V. Yes, most probably you would.

JULIA. Mamma, did you know strawberries were ripe?

MRS. V. It is too early for them in the open air. Those that are ripe at this season of the year, must be forced.

JULIA. Yes, Lady Beauchamp said they grew in—in some house.

MRS. V. In a hot-house.

JULIA. Yes, yes, in a hot-house; that is what she said. What is meant by a hot-house, mamma?

MRS. V. A house built on purpose to hold plants. The top and sides are made of glass, in frames, something like windows, which shut tight to keep out the cold air. At one end there is a stove for a fire, to heat the air within the house. Round the walls are flues, to let the heat from the fire reach every part. Flues are passages left in the inside of the walls: they are somewhat like pipes. When the frames are shut,

no cold air can get into the house from the outside, so the gardener can keep the plants as warm as he chooses. The flowers and fruit blow and ripen in a hot-house, as they do in the gardens in summer. This is called forcing them; that is, making them more forward than they would naturally be at this season. When you go to see Lady Beauchamp, perhaps she will allow you to look at her hot-house; then you will understand better what I have said.

JULIA. Thank you, mamma; I believe I understand you. But why is so much glass used? If it be necessary to keep a hot-house very warm, I think brick walls would answer better than glass: bricks are thicker than glass.

MRS. V. True, they are so; yet glass excludes the air as perfectly as

a brick wall does. The frames are made to open and shut like windows; and this circumstance enables the gardener to let in fresh air when proper. Brick walls could not be moved about at his pleasure. Besides, glass admits the light: it is transparent. Flowers and trees require light, in order to make them grow, as well as air. They would never come to perfection if they were shut up in darkness.

JULIA. How strange, mamma! They could grow as well in the dark, I think: they do not want light to show them how to grow. Why will they not grow in the dark?

MRS. V. I cannot tell why, Julia; but that plants require light to make them thrive, is a fact which has been proved by many experiments. When

you are old enough to read natural history, you will find many other curious things. The world is full of wonders. The works of God are extremely curious and wonderful. The more you see and hear of them, my dear, the more cause you will discover to love the Almighty for his mercy and goodness, and to adore and admire his infinite wisdom and power.—Now, my dear little girl, kiss me, and go to bed: it is past eight o'clock.

JULIA. Good night, my dear mamma. I shall get up very early to-morrow morning. If it be fine, I may gather the flowers before breakfast, without waiting to ask you: may I not, mamma?

MRS. V. You may. Good night, my love!

As soon as Julia awoke, the next

morning, she recollected the bow-pot. She jumped up and washed and dressed herself. Though Julia was a little girl, not quite seven years old, she could dress herself. Her mother did not wish her to be helpless, and had therefore taught her to do many things for herself, that some children, of her age, are obliged to have done for them. The little gown she wore in the morning fastened in the front, therefore she could button it without assistance. She was glad her clothes were made in a way that enabled her to put them on without help. If she could not have dressed herself, she would have been forced to have staid in bed till the servant had been at leisure to attend to her. She made haste to get ready, said her

prayers attentively and devoutly, and then ran off merrily. Her mother had taught her that it was right to pray to God repeatedly ; and she was too good ever to forget this important duty. She never allowed her pleasure, or her business, to make her forget her prayers. Every night, before she lay down, she entreated God to forgive all her faults, and thanked him for the blessings she had enjoyed. Every morning, before she left her room, she returned him thanks for the refreshing sleep she had had, and prayed him to watch over her, and enable her to do what was pleasing in his sight.

When she reached the bank, she was sadly disappointed : all the finest flowers were gone : only a few faded ones were left, which were hardly worth the trouble of gathering.—

"Oh dear, what a pity!" said poor Julia, "I wonder who has been here! I wish I had got up earlier. However, perhaps it was last night that they were plucked. I saw some boys and girls at a distance, as I went home: probably they came this way and took the primroses. I wish they had not touched them. I dare say they did not want them as much as I do: but I will pick some of these, and ask mamma if she thinks Mary will like them. I fear she will not, for they look half dead!"—The disconsolate Julia walked slowly back, with the faded nosegay in her hand. She met her mother, who was coming down to breakfast, in the passage.

JULIA. Oh, mamma! you were right in saying we could not be sure of the future. I have lost my bow-

pot, notwithstanding it is a fine morning: all the good flowers are gone! See, mamma, only these shabby things were left. Did you think, last night, somebody would take them before I went to gather them?

MRS. V. No, Julia, I did not: I am very sorry for this second disappointment; particularly as you bear it with good humour, and do not indulge in fretful repinings. These flowers, in their present faded state, would be no ornament to your sister's room. But I believe I can assist you in your distress. On Monday, when we walked through the lane on the other side of the church-yard, I observed a profusion of wild flowers in the hedges; and in the fields adjoining there are primroses and cowslips. It is too far for you to go alone; but

after breakfast I will accompany you there. I hope that, after all, you will have the bow-pot you are so desirous of. You have conducted yourself very well, my love, both last night and this morning. Yesterday you gave up your own pleasure to assist the poor lamb; and now you support the loss of the flowers with good temper. I am glad it is in my power to make you some amends.

Whilst at breakfast, Julia expressed her fears that Mary might arrive before she returned from her walk. "At what o'clock, mamma, will my aunt and Mary be here?" said she. "I cannot tell exactly," replied Mrs. Vincent. Not so early, however, as you seem to expect. London is more than twenty miles from this village. Your aunt will, I be-

lieve, set off soon after her breakfast ; but we can walk to the church-lane, and back again, in a shorter time than she can travel twenty miles. I expect you will be able to do a great deal of business before they arrive. I think you will have time to ornament Mary's room, say your lessons, and work, all before they come. I do not suppose they will be here till nearly three o'clock." "Not till three o'clock!" exclaimed the little girl: "that is a long time."—"It will not appear long, if you employ yourself."

When breakfast was finished, Mrs. Vincent put on her hat and cloak, to walk with her little daughter. Julia fetched her clogs, and just as she was tying them on her mother's feet, she heard some one knock at the hall-door. "Oh, mamma, I do





The Bon-jet & Rose-Tree.

believe they are come! I am so glad!" She was so delighted at the thoughts of seeing her sister, that she did not, even at that moment, recollect the bow-pot. "May I open the door to let them in, mamma?" said Julia.

Mrs. V. You may open the door, Julia, though I do not imagine it will be to let Mary in: it is much too early.

Julia opened the door, but instead of Mary, she saw Miss Beauchamp, holding a large bow-pot, and a servant, who was with her, carrying a beautiful rose-tree, in full bloom, in her arms. Julia exclaimed, in raptures, "What lovely flowers!"

Miss B. I am glad you admire them. They are yours. Mamma sends them to you, with her love.

All these hot-house flowers mamma sends you; but these primroses, violets, cowslips, and blue-bells, I give you. Mamma gave me permission to get up very early this morning, to gather them for you. I did not know the gardèner had been desired to bring in a nosegay, so I arose very, very early, and gathered all these. I do not mean I picked them every one myself: no, Charlotte, who went with me, helped me. Do you know, whilst I was at breakfast, this bow-pot was brought into the room. Mamma put it into my hands, and said, "Emily, you may carry these flowers, with my love, to your little friend, who kindly took care of Bello last night."

Julia was lost in admiration: she nearly forgot to thank Miss Beauchamp. She took the flowers to her

mother, and asked if she had ever before seen any so extremely beautiful: "Pray smell them; they are very fragrant." - Then she turned to Miss Beauchamp, and said, "I thank you, very much: pray tell your mamma, I am very much obliged to her. I am sure Mary will be surprised: she will never expect to see such beauties? Is the lamb well, to-day? How is its poor leg? Does it bleed still?"

Miss B. No, it does not bleed now. Papa dressed it last night, and he thinks it will soon heal: it is getting well; but it is still sore. Poor Bello cannot skip about the lawn, as he used to do. I nurse him, and bring him fresh grass and flowers to eat, as he cannot go in search of them himself. I hope he will soon be strong again. Will you come

and see him? Mamma told me she should be happy to see you, whenever it is convenient to Mrs. Vincent to spare you. Bello will soon know you, if you play with him. He will eat out of your hand. I dare say he will be fond of you:—he ought to be so, you were so kind to him last night.

JULIA. I shall like, very much, to feed him and play with him.

MISS B. Will you, ma'am, allow Miss Vincent to come and spend this evening with me, or to-morrow evening? Mamma said, any evening that was agreeable to you. I hope it will be convenient to you to permit her to come soon.

MRS. V. Julia, my dear, what are your own wishes?

JULIA. Thank you, mamma; not this evening, I shall have so many,

many things to tell Mary, and to hear from her.—If you will give me leave to go to-morrow, I shall be very happy.

MRS. V. I will trouble you then, my dear, to return Lady Beauchamp my thanks for her kindness to my little girl, who will be happy to accept her ladyship's invitation for to-morrow evening.

MISS B. Good morning, ma'am. Mamma told me not to stay long, lest I should be troublesome. Good bye. Pray come early to-morrow evening: I have a great many pretty things to show you, that I think you will like very much.

On turning to go out she saw the rose-tree, and returning, added, "I had forgotten the rose-tree. I brought it to help ornament your sister's room. See, there are several

buds on it, besides the full-blown roses. If you take care to water it, and give it fresh air, it will continue blowing a long time. It is my own tree, so I may give it to you."

Julia was delighted with her presents. She knew not how to express sufficiently her thanks. She repeated, "thank you, thank you," many times. She smelled the nose-gay again and again.—She jumped and danced in ecstasy.—She exclaimed, "Mary will be quite astonished! I wonder what she will say! My dear Miss Beauchamp, I am greatly obliged to you. I will take care of the rose-tree, after all the roses are gone. I shall always love it, because you have given it to me. I never thought, last night, when I went to gather some primroses, that I should enjoy all this pleasure.—

Pray do not forget to tell your mamma, I thank her very, very much indeed. How good she is!—Kiss the lamb for me, and give him my love: I hope he will be very well by to-morrow evening.—I dare say we shall be very happy.”

As soon as Miss Beauchamp was gone, Julia begged she might put the flowers into water immediately, before they began to droop. Her mother was kind enough to lend her a large flower-pot and two small ones, and to offer her assistance in arranging her treasure, that the various colours might appear to the greatest advantage.—“Dear mamma, that water is still warm, I am sure!” exclaimed Julia, in amazement, on observing her fill the large flower-pot out of the urn which was stand-

ing on the table: "though it is a long time since the urn was brought up for breakfast, I do not think the water can be quite cold yet."

MRS. V. Neither do I wish that it should be quite cold, Julia.

JULIA. You are not going to put the flowers into warm water, mamma! I always put mine in cold water. I never remember your putting any into warm water before!

MRS. V. Probably not, my dear; you never have been accustomed to flowers out of a hot-house. Hot-house flowers live longer after they are gathered, if they are put into water with the chill off. They have been reared in the warmth, and the sudden change from heat to cold is not good for them.

JULIA. How shall we manage, mamma, to keep the water warm?

I shall forget, perhaps, to add a little now and then; and what you have put in, will become cold soon. How shall we keep it warm?

MRS. V. It is not necessary it should continue warm: it will cool gradually, and the flowers will, by degrees, be familiarized to the temperature of the water, as well as of the room—that is, familiarized to the heat of the air which is in the room. The degree of heat or cold of any thing, is called its temperature.

Julia carefully untied the bass, which was wound round the stalks in order to hold them together. She displayed the whole of her treasure on the table, and consulted with her mother, to determine what flowers would go best together, and how to form the prettiest groups.—
“Only smell this rose!—Look at

this sprig of myrtle! See how delicate this lilac is! These lilies of the valley are quite lovely!—Did you ever see a brighter yellow, mamma, than this jonquil! Look at this hyacinth—and this—and this! I do not know which is the finest. Which do you admire most? the white, the pink, or the blue? I will place your favourite in the centre—here, just in front. That does very well. But, mamma, do not you think it will be better to have a little more green? Shall I put these geranium leaves here, at the back?—Oh, thank you! that does beautifully!—There, that flower-pot is full.—I wish I could draw. I dare say Mary will copy some of these beauties: I will ask Mary to teach me how to copy flowers.—Well, now we may begin to fill another flower-pot.”

In this manner did little Julia chatter on, as busy as a bee, till this important affair was finished. Then she assisted in carrying the flower-pots and rose-tree into the small parlour, which was set apart for Mary's room. It was a pretty, cheerful room: the window opened into the garden. The prospect of the country beyond was rich and fertile. The inside was fitted up with shelves, on which Julia had ranged all her sister's books. There were likewise drawers for work, &c. and convenient places for writing and drawing implements, as well as maps of different kinds. It was in this room that Julia expected to spend many delightful hours. She could amuse herself quietly, without disturbing her sister when she was engaged;

and therefore she was often allowed to remain the greatest part of the morning with her. She was very attentive, and desirous of learning; and therefore her sister willingly instructed her, and, when at leisure, was in the habit of reading and conversing a great deal with her; teaching her geography and other useful things, which afforded her much amusement. The two small flower-pots were placed on the chimney-piece, by Julia's direction: the large one stood on a high green basket. The rose-tree was placed on a small table, opposite the door, that Mary might see it the moment she entered the apartment.—Julia went out and came in again, that she might judge of the effect on first opening the door.—“Do, mamma, be so good as to come here. Will not Mary be

delighted?—will she not be astonished?" she repeatedly asked.

Mrs. V. Yes, Julia; I expect this grand display will surprise her. You will wish to enjoy the pleasure of showing her the house, particularly this room, yourself; therefore I advise you to begin your lessons, that you may be at leisure when she arrives.

JULIA. It is early yet, mamma. There is no hurry. I need not walk to the church lane now, you know, mamma.

Mrs. V. Very true; yet, admiring these flowers, and settling them and the room to your satisfaction, has taken up more time than the walk would have done. It is now past twelve.

JULIA. Past twelve!—I should think you are mistaken, mamma.

Mrs. Vincent showed her watch.

JULIA. So it is—five minutes past twelve!—I could not have believed I had been more than two hours with the flowers. Well, mamma, I will run and fetch my books: they shall be ready by the time you get back into the breakfast-room. You shall see I will be very good and attentive.”

Julia was very attentive: she did all her lessons well; she wrote a copy; cast up two sums in addition, without a single error; read a little French, and did some grammar.—When the grammar was finished, she sat down to work. She asked her mother if she might talk to her while she was hemming her handkerchief. Her mother said she might.

JULIA. Pray, mamma, why do you not have a hot-house, as well as

Lady Beauchamp? It would be very agreeable to have flowers and fruits at this season of the year, when there are none in the open air. Do not you think so, mamma?

MRS. V. Yes, certainly, it would be agreeable.

JULIA. Then why do not you have one?

MRS. V. Because I am too poor.

JULIA. Oh! now, mamma, you seem to be joking: you are not poor—not very poor.

MRS. V. I did not say I was very poor; but still, I am too poor to have a hot-house, with propriety. Hot-houses are extremely expensive: the glass costs a great deal of money to keep it in repair; for it is so brittle that it is frequently broken. Coals are likewise very expensive; and the constant fires which are necessary to

bring the fruits and flowers forward, during winter, consume a great quantity. Then the wages of the gardeners would be very high. All these things would be more than I could afford.

JULIA, But still, mamma, I do not think you poor. I call Mrs. Jones, who lives in the cottage at the end of the lane, poor.

MRS. V. No, certainly, I am not as poor as Mrs. Jones is; she and her husband are obliged to work hard, to earn enough to buy coarse food and clothes for themselves and children. When the poor man was ill, in the winter, and could not labour, the family were almost starved. Do not you recollect, Mrs. Jones told me her husband would have died, and herself and children would have perished through want, if Sir Henry and

Lady Beauchamp had not sent medicines to Jones, when he was so ill with the rheumatic fever, good warm flannel to clothe him, meat to make him broth, and plenty of potatoes and rice, for the children to eat, till he was well enough to earn his wages again? Sir Henry Beauchamp and his lady are also kind to a great many other poor people, and assist them when they are ill and unable to work. They are very rich, and are therefore able to do all this good, and at the same time have hot-houses and other expensive things.—I could not.—If I were to attempt to have a hot-house, I should have no money to pay the butcher and the baker for bread and meat. Besides, it is not right to spend all we have on ourselves: we should always take care to save some of our

money, to give to those who are in distress, and who are still poorer than ourselves.

JULIA. I am sorry you are not very rich, mamma !

MRS. V. Why, Julia?

JULIA. It would be so pleasant to have money enough for every thing.

MRS. V. My dear little girl, if we do not learn to be contented with what we have, we shall never be happy. Even Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp, whom at present you consider the richest people in the world, would not be happy if they encouraged a discontented disposition. No one, my dear Julia, has every wish gratified ; but each person has reason to be grateful to God for many blessings. Jones and his family, though poor and miserable, have great reason to be thankful

that their rich neighbours are so kind and attentive to them. Reflect, my dear child, how many blessings *you* enjoy. You have all that is necessary, and even much more—you have many pleasures that thousands of others cannot obtain.

JULIA. Yes, mamma; yet, do not you think I should be a little happier if I had flowers all the year round? I am sure the flowers this morning, have made me very happy.

MRS. V. These flowers are a novelty to you; that is the reason you admire them so extremely. Hot-house flowers do not afford Miss Beauchamp, who is accustomed to them, more pleasure than common roses give you, in the midst of summer: and, last summer, how often you passed a rose-tree without be-

stowing a thought on it. To-morrow night it will be the same—you will be delighted with many things which she disregards. But is all the happiness you feel on the present occasion, produced by the beauty of the nosegay? Try and discover, if you can, some other source of delight.

JULIA. I believe one reason that I am so gay and merry, is, because I expect Mary will be pleased and surprised.

MRS. V. Yes, my dear, I am sure the thought of giving Mary pleasure makes you happy. But reflect again. Perhaps the cause of Lady Beauchamp's kindness has some share in your happiness.

JULIA. Oh, mamma! I guess what you mean—about the lamb.

MRS. V. True, Julia. The con-

sciousness of having done a humane action, is always pleasing. If you had lost your bow-pot entirely, you would still have had the comfort of reflecting that you had acted properly. Recollect, we settled last night, that you were happier without the flowers than you would have been with them.

JULIA. So we did, mamma; but I am glad I have this beautiful nosegay, as I did not get it by cruelty.

MRS. V. So am I, my love: I rejoice that your compassion has been rewarded. You must not, however, expect it will always be the case. Many humane and benevolent actions are not recompensed in this world. We must endeavour to do our duty, without thinking whether the immediate consequences will be agreeable or not. Though we may

sometimes lose a pleasure, we shall enjoy the happiness of possessing the approbation of God, and of our own conscience.

Little Julia thanked her mother for having talked so much to her, and said she hoped she should always be good, that God might love her. She had now finished her work, and her mother desired her to fetch her book to read. She did as she was bid to do, immediately, sat down, and read the following story.

THE RED-POLE.

A little girl, whose name was Emma, was anxious to have a bird ; but her mamma refused to give her one, as she disapproved of confining the pretty little creatures in cages.—
 “Mamma,” said Emma, one morn-

ing, "I know a great many little girls who have birds." "Very probably," replied her mother; "it is not uncommon to keep them in cages; but that circumstance does not make it less wrong. When you are older, if you do what other people do, without considering, you will often do wrong. You must think for yourself. If you were to catch one of those happy little birds, which are flying about from tree to tree, and hopping from branch to branch, chirping so gaily and singing so sweetly, you would render it miserable." "Indeed, mamma," interrupted Emma; "I have seen canary birds, goldfinches, and many other kinds, which are very cheerful, and seem to enjoy themselves very contentedly." "But," said her mother,

“ they do not pass their lives in the same degree of enjoyment, as if they were flying about ”

A few days after this conversation, Emma's cousin came to spend a few days with his aunt, before he returned to school. He had a very pretty bird called a Red-pole : he had reared it from the nest. It was very tame. He had taught it many tricks : it would eat out of his hand, and stand perched on his finger whilst he walked about the house. Emma was extremely fond of it, and wished, more than ever, that her mamma did not think it improper for her to have a bird. She spent much time, every day, with her favourite : it grew fond of her quickly, and appeared to know her as well as it did its master. The day before her cousin went to school, Emma entered her mother's

dressing-room with the red-pole on her finger. "Mamma," said Emma, fixing her eyes anxiously on her mother's face, "Cousin Edward says, he must not take red-pole back to school with him. Dr. Barton desired him not. He said it took up too much of his time and thoughts. So he told me, just now, that he was glad red-pole loved me, and that he would give it to me. Poor red-pole, it is of no use your loving me, I fear! I may not keep you.—I suppose you must fly away!"—"No, Emma, answered her mother; "we must do the best that we can for it now. The poor creature has been rendered so helpless, that it would perish from want: you may therefore keep it. Remember, however, you undertake a great charge. Children are little to be trusted: they frequently neglect their pets. Many

unfortunate favourites perish, from the carelessness of their thoughtless masters and mistresses. Let me see that, in this instance, you will act wisely and humanely." "Oh!" cried Emma, eagerly, "I never shall forget my dear little red-pole! Thank you, mamma."

Emma did, indeed, pay attention to her bird for the first week. At length she grew tired of seeing the same tricks over and over, without the smallest variety. She was constantly trying to teach it something new. Unfortunately, one day it occurred to her, that it would be entertaining to see how it would behave in the water. Emma forgot it was winter, and that the weather was very cold. She determined to try the experiment. She chirped, and held out her finger. Poor red-pole,

as usual, hopped on it. She carried him to a pitcher of water, which unluckily was in the room, and plunged him, head foremost, into it. The bird struggled violently. Emma took him out. How great was her horror to see blood gushing from his beak and eyes. He writhed, kicked in agony, and in a few moments expired.

Emma burst into tears. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed she to her mother, who at that instant entered the chamber, "I have killed my bird! You are right—children are not to be trusted! I never will have another bird! Oh my poor red-pole! my dear red-pole, which I loved so tenderly!"

Julia talked with her mother some time about the tale she had just read.

When she had finished her observations on Emma's conduct, she put the book on the proper shelf in Mary's room. She returned to her mother, and as she passed the window she saw a carriage drive to the door of the house. "They are come! they are come!" cried the happy Julia, jumping and clapping her hands, in ecstasy: "how fortunate, mamma, I have finished all my business!"—As soon as the joy and bustle of the meeting were a little over, Mrs. Vincent smiled and said, "Now, Julia, you may show your sister the different apartments of the house. Your aunt and I will follow. Lead the way."

Julia took her sister by the hand, and led her, in silence, through the passage.

"Mary, this is to be your sitting-

room," cried the little girl, as she threw open the door of the important room.

"My room!" exclaimed Mary: "how beautiful!—it is full of flowers! Dear mamma, how good of you to ornament my room with these lovely flowers.—A rose-tree too, in full bloom.—These are hot-house flowers. Have you a hot-house, mamma." "No, my dear, I have not," replied Mrs. Vincent; "nor are you indebted to me for these rare and lovely flowers: they were all given, this morning, to Julia."—"They are yours now, my dear Mary," interrupted Julia: "I give them to you."—Mary kissed her sister, and added, "I thank you very much, my love, for so beautiful a present. But I am curious to learn whence you had them." Julia co-

loured, threw her arms round Mary's neck, and whispered, "Lady Beauchamp gave them to me." Mrs. Vincent smiled and said, "I permitted Julia the pleasure of introducing you to your apartment—she merited that gratification; but I shall not allow any one to rob me of the happiness of relating to you the story attached to these flowers. You, my dear Mary, who have assisted me in instructing our little Julia, have a right to share the delight her behaviour has afforded me."—Mary's curiosity was strongly excited, and her mother immediately related to her the whole transaction about the lamb.

THE END.

THE HISTORY OF THE



OF THE

OF THE

FRONTISPIECE.



Tity and Mirtillo.

See Page 34.

TITY
AND
MIRTILLO;

OR THE
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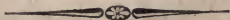
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TITY & MIRTILLO.



IN a certain country there lived a King, called Guinguet, who was miserably covetous. He wished to marry, but was indifferent as to obtaining a beautiful Princess; all he desired was a great deal of money with her, and that she should be, if possible, more covetous than himself. He found one to his wishes; who brought him a son the first year of their marriage, and another about a twelvemonth after. The elder was named Tity, and the younger Mirtillo. Tity was much handsomer than his brother, but the King and Queen could not endure him, for he would let all the children, who came to play with him, have a share of every thing that was given him. Mirtillo, on the other hand, chose rather to let sweetmeats or dainties spoil, than give any away, and locked up his playthings for fear they should be worn out;

if he held any thing in his hand, he griped it so fast, that it could not be forced from him, even when he was asleep. The King and Queen doated on this child for resembling them. The Princes grew up, and for fear Tity should spend his money, he was not allowed one single penny. Tity being once a hunting, one of his grooms, on horseback, passed close by an old woman, and threw her into the dirt; the old woman cried out that her leg was broke, but the groom only laughed at her. Tity, who had a great share of goodness, reprimanded the groom, and, coming up to the old woman, with Sprightly, his favourite page, helped the old woman up, and each of them holding her by an arm, led her to the little cottage where she lived. The Prince was in the utmost concern, that he had no money to give the woman. "What signifies my being a Prince, (said he,) when I am not at liberty to do any good? the only pleasure in being great, is to be able and willing to relieve the distressed." Sprightly observed these words of his master, and said to him: "A crown is all I am worth; here it is at your service." "I will reward you, (said Tity,) when I am King; I accept of your crown for this poor woman." When Tity returned to court, the Queen reprimanded him



Tity assisting the Old Woman.



for helping the poor woman up. "Where would have been the harm had the old hag died? (said she to her son, for covetous people have no compassion;) a fine thing indeed, for a Prince to stoop so low as to succour a beggarly wretch!" "Madam, (said Tity,) I thought Princes ever appeared greatest when they were employed in doing good." "Go, (said the Queen,) you are very silly, with all this fine way of thinking." The next day Tity went again a hunting; but his design was to see how this woman did: he found her quite well; and she thanked him for his kindness. "But I have still a favour to beg of you, (added she,) I have some very good nuts and medlars, I beg you will do me the favour to eat some." The Prince would not refuse the old woman, for fear she should think herself slighted; he tasted the nuts and medlars, and found them excellent. "Since you like them so well, (said the old woman,) please to oblige me with taking the rest with you for your dessert." While the old woman was talking, her hen cackled, and she begged so earnestly of the Prince to take the new-laid egg also, that, to please her, he accepted of it; but at the same time he gave the old woman four guineas, which Sprightly had given him, and which he had borrowed of his

father, a gentleman who lived in the country. When the Prince returned to the palace, he ordered the good old woman's nuts, medlars, and egg, to be brought for his supper; but how surprised was he, when, breaking the egg, he found a large diamond; the medlars and nuts were alike full of diamonds. This was immediately told the Queen; who hastened to Tity's apartment, and was so overjoyed at the sight of the diamonds, that she embraced him; and this was the first time that she called him her dear son. "Will you give me those diamonds?" said she to her son. "Whatever I have is at your service," answered the Prince. "That's my good boy, (said the Queen,) you shall be rewarded." Away she carried this treasure, and sent the Prince four guineas very carefully wrapped up in a very small bit of paper. They that saw the present were for making a jest of the Queen, who was not ashamed of sending four guineas for diamonds worth above five hundred thousand; but the Prince ordered them to quit the room, telling them withal, that they were extremely bold to be so short of the respect due to his mother. Meanwhile, the Queen said to Guinguet; "Probably this old woman who was helped by Tity, is a rich fairy; let us go and see her

to-morrow; but instead of Tity, we will take his brother with us; I would not have her too much in the interest of that oaf, who had not the wit to keep his diamonds." At the same time, orders were given to clean the coaches, and to hire horses, for she had sold the King's to save the charges of their keeping. Two of these coaches were filled with doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries; the royal family went in another. When they came to the old woman's hut, the Queen said she came to ask pardon for the heedlessness of Tity's groom. "My son (said she to the good woman) has not sense enough to choose good servants, but I will make him turn away that rude fellow." She then told the old woman, she had brought the most skilful men of the kingdom to cure her foot. The good woman answered, that her foot was quite well, and that she was obliged to her for her great goodness, in visiting so poor a woman. "O! but, (said the Queen,) we know you are a rich fairy, by the considerable present of diamonds you made to Prince Tity." "Believe me, madam, (said the old woman,) I only gave the Prince an egg, and some medlars and nuts, and I have some left at your Majesty's service." "I willingly accept of them," said the Queen, who was in a

rapture with the hopes she had of being rich in diamonds. She received the present, embraced the old woman, and invited her to come and see her; and all the courtiers, after the example of the King and Queen, gave the good woman the greatest commendations. The Queen asked her how old she might be? "I am sixty," she answered. "You don't seem to be forty, (said the Queen,) and as you are very agreeable, you may still think of marrying." At this part of the conversation, Prince Mirtillo, who was very ill bred, burst out a laughing, full in the old woman's face, and said, it would be a pleasure for him to dance at her wedding; but the old woman pretended to take no notice of his laughing at her. The whole court then departed, and the Queen was no sooner got to the palace, but she ordered the egg to be boiled, opened the medlars, and broke the nuts; but, instead of a diamond in the egg, there was only a little chicken, and the nuts and medlars proved full of maggots. Here she broke out into a furious passion. "This old creature is a witch, (said she,) that designed to make a jest of me; she shall die." The judges were summoned to try the old woman, but Sprightly, who had heard the whole matter, posted away to her cottage, and advised her

to make her escape. "So, Mr. Page to old women, good morrow," says she; (that was a nick-name given him ever since he had helped her out of the dirt.) "Ah, mother, (said Sprightly,) make haste, and get to my father's; he is a very worthy man; he will harbour you with all his heart; but if you stay here, soldiers will be sent to seize you, and put you to death." "I am much obliged to you, (said the old woman,) but I am in no fear of the Queen's malice." At the same time laying aside the figure of an old woman, she appeared in her own form to Sprightly, who was dazzled with her beauty. Sprightly was for throwing himself at her feet; but she prevented him, and said; "I forbid you telling the Prince, or any person in the world, what you have seen; I will reward your goodness, ask me a gift." "Madam, (said Sprightly,) I have a great love for the Prince, my master, and I heartily wish to be serviceable to him; what I request is, that I may be invisible when I please, and know what courtiers truly love my prince." "I grant you that gift, (answered the fairy,) but I must also clear Tity's debts; did he not borrow four guineas of your father?" "He has paid him, (replied Sprightly,) he knows it is scandalous in Princes not to pay their debts;

and he paid into my hands the four guineas which the Queen sent him." "That I know, (said the fairy,) but I likewise know, that the Prince was extremely troubled, for not having it in his power to return more; he is sensible that a Prince should reward nobly; this is the debt I intend to pay. This purse is full of gold, take it to your father; he will always find the same sum, if what he takes out is only intended to do good." Here the fairy disappeared, and Sprightly carried the purse to his father, and begged of him to keep this secret. Meanwhile, the judges, whom the Queen had assembled to condemn the old woman, were much perplexed, and made the following remonstrance to this Princess. "How would you have us condemn this good woman? she has not imposed upon your Majesty; she told you I am but poor, and have no diamonds." The Queen fell into a violent passion, and said; "If you do not condemn this wretch, that has imposed upon me, and made me spend a great deal of money to no purpose, to hire horses, and pay physicians, you shall have just reason to repent it." The judges thought to themselves, "The Queen is a very mischievous woman; if we disobey, she will certainly be the death of us; it is better the old woman should die



The Fairy's Kindness to Sprightly.



than we;" upon which, the judges condemned the old woman to be burnt for a witch. There was only one that said, he would rather be burnt himself, than condemn an innocent person. Some days after, the Queen found false witnesses, who deposed, that this judge had spoken ill of her, his place was taken from him, and he was, with his wife and children, on the point of being reduced to beg; but Sprightly took a large sum out of his father's purse, and gave it to the judge, and advised him to go into another country. In the mean time, Sprightly was every where, after he had received the power of being invisible at will; he discovered a great many secrets, but, being a youth of great worth, he never reported the least thing of consequence to others, unless his master's service required it. As he was often in the King's closet, he heard the Queen saying, in conversation with the King: "What a sad misfortune it is, that Tity is our eldest son? here we are hoarding up treasures for him to lavish, as soon as he comes to the crown; whereas Mirtillo, who is very saving, instead of fingering these treasures, would add to the store: is there no way to disinherit him?" "We must consider of it, (said the King,) and if we cannot bring it to bear, we must bury our treasures,

that he may not squander them away." Sprightly also hearkened privately to the courtiers, who, to be in favour with the King and Queen, spoke ill of Tity, and praised Mirtillo; and, after they had left the King, waited on the Prince, and told him they had taken his part in the presence of the King and Queen; but the Prince, who, by means of Sprightly, was informed of the truth, laughed at them in his sleeve, and despised them. Four noblemen, of great honour, took Tity's part, without boasting on that account; they, on the contrary, always advised him to love the King and Queen, and to be very dutiful to them.

There was a neighbouring King, who sent ambassadors to Guinguet, on an affair of importance. The Queen, according to her usual custom, would not permit Tity to appear before the ambassadors; but ordered him to go to a fine seat that belonged to the King: "The ambassadors, (added she,) to be sure will be for seeing the place, and you must do the honours of the house." After Tity set out, the Queen went about the most saving ways for receiving the ambassadors; she took an old velvet petticoat, and gave it to the tailors to make two back parts of a suit of clothes for Guinguet and Mirtillo, and the

fore parts were made of new velvet; the Queen imagining, that, as the King and Prince were to be seated, the back part of their clothes would not be seen. To set them out with great magnificence, the diamonds found in the medlars were used for buttons to the King's suit, and the diamond found in the egg she fastened to his hat; the small ones, that came out of the nuts, served for buttons for Mirtillo's clothes, and to adorn a stomacher, and make a necklace, with sleeve-knots, for the Queen.

And now, Guinguet and his consort placed themselves on a magnificent throne, Mirtillo being seated at their feet; and they made a dazzling appearance with the good fairy's diamonds: but the ambassadors were scarcely entered into the presence-chamber, when the diamonds disappeared, and nothing remained but medlars, nuts, and an egg. The ambassadors, concluding that Guinguet had put on this ridiculous dress to affront their master, withdrew in a great passion, and said, their master would make them understand, that he was not a King of *Medlars*. All endeavours to bring them back were to no purpose; they turned a deaf ear to all that was said, and returned to their court. Guinguet and the Queen were both extremely ashamed, and

angry. "Tity has put this trick upon us, (said she to the King, as soon as they were by themselves:) we must disinherit him, and leave our crown to Mirtillo." "With all my heart," said the King. At that instant they heard a voice speaking these words: *If you dare be so wicked, I will break every bone in your bodies, one after the other.* They were horribly frightened with hearing this, as they did not know that Sprightly was in the closet, and had overheard their discourse. They durst not do any harm to Tity, but the old woman was looked for all the country over, and their not being able to find her, drove them almost mad. In the mean time, Violent, the King who had sent ambassadors to Guinguet, was persuaded that an affront was really intended, and took a resolution to be revenged, by making war against Guinguet. This was a cause of great concern to him, as he had no courage, and was afraid of his life, but the Queen comforted him: "Give yourself no trouble, (said she,) we will put Tity at the head of our army, by way of a pretence to do him great honour; he is a hare-brain'd blockhead, and will soon get himself dispatch'd; and we shall have the satisfaction of leaving the crown to Mirtillo." "An excellent contrivance!" said the King. Upon

which, he sends for Tity out of the country, appoints him Generalissimo of his troops: and, to expose him to more occasions of danger, he gave him full power as to war or peace.

When Tity reached the frontiers of his father's kingdom, he took the resolution to stop there, and wait for the enemy; and employed the time in building a fort in a narrow pass that lay in their way. One day, as he was taken up with overlooking the soldiers at work, he was very dry, and observing a house on a neighbouring hill, he went up and desired something to drink. The master of the house, whose name was Abor, gave him what he wanted; but as the Prince was going away, he observed a young woman coming into the house, so beautiful, that he was quite surprised: this was Biby, Abor's daughter; and the Prince, charmed with her beauty, came frequently to the house, under many pretexts. He often discoursed with Biby, and finding that she was very discreet, and had a great share of wit, he said to himself; "Were I my own master, I would marry Biby; what though she is not born a Princess, she has so many virtues, that she deserves to be a Queen." He grew daily more and more in love, and, at length,

resolved to write to her. Biby knew that a young woman, who values her character, should not receive letters from men; she therefore carried the Prince's letter to her father, without breaking the seal. Abor finding the Prince in love with his daughter, put the question to Biby whether she loved Tity. Biby, who had never told a lie in all her life, said to her father, that the Prince seemed so good, that she could not forbear loving him; "but, (added she,) I know he cannot marry me who am only a shepherdess; and I beg you will send me to my aunt, who lives a great way off." Her father sent her off the same day, and the Prince was so concerned for having lost her, that he fell sick. Abor said to him, "I am very sorry to give you any displeasure, but since you love my daughter, you would not make her unhappy; you know, that the dirt in the street is not more despised, than a girl who admits of visits from a lover who has not honourable designs." "Abor, (said the Prince,) I had rather die than be wanting in respect to my father, by marrying without his consent; but only promise, that you will keep your daughter for me, and I promise you to marry her as soon as I am King; and, till then, I am willing never to see her." Here the fairy



Biby's Prudence.



appeared in the room, to the great surprise of the Prince, who had never seen her in this form. “I am the old woman you relieved, (said she to the Prince,) and you are a person of so much worth, and Biby is so virtuous, that I take you both under my protection: in two years’ time you shall marry her, but, in the mean time, you will meet with many cross accidents; however, I engage my word, to come and see you once a month, and bring Biby with me.” The Prince was transported with this promise, and resolved to get a great name by warlike exploits, the better to please Biby. King Violent came, and gave him battle; but Tity not only gained the day, but also took Violent prisoner. They advised Tity to strip him of his kingdom: “No, (said he;) for subjects always prefer their own King to a stranger; they would revolt, and restore him to his crown, and Violent would never forget his having been a prisoner: there would be a continual war, to make two nations unhappy: on the contrary, I will give Violent his liberty, without any ransom; I know him to be generous; he will be our friend, and his friendship will be a greater advantage to us than his kingdom, to which we have no right, and I shall thereby avoid a war, which would cost thousands of

lives." It happened as Tity said; Violent was so charmed with his generosity, that he entered into a perpetual alliance with King Guinguet and his son.

However, Guinguet was very angry, when he heard his son had released Violent without paying large sums of money. It was in vain for the Prince to plead, that the King in person had given him a commission to act as he should think proper; he could not forgive him. Tity, who both respected and loved his father, was so concerned at his displeasure, that he was taken ill. One day, being alone, and in bed, never thinking on the first day of the month, two pretty canary-birds flew in at the window: and he was most agreeably surprised, when the two birds, reassuming their natural forms, appeared to be the fairy and Biby. He was going to thank the kind fairy, when the Queen came into the room, with a huge cat in her arms, which she valued extremely for catching the mice that used to eat her victuals. The Queen, seeing the canary-birds, began to storm, that they were left to run about, and damage the furniture. The Prince said, he would immediately have them put in a cage; but her answer was, that they should be taken immediately, it was what she liked, and they should be





The Queen's Malice defeated.

dressed for her dinner. The Prince, in an agony, begged, to no purpose, they might be spared. The courtiers and servants strove to catch the canaries, and gave no attention to Tity. A footman, with a broom, brought poor Biby to the ground; here the Prince started from his bed to rescue her, but he would have been too late, for the cat sprung out of the Queen's arms, and was just going to seize her, when the fairy appearing, on a sudden, in the shape of a large dog, fell upon the cat, and dispatched it; then she and Biby, under the figure of two little mice, made their escape through a hole in a corner of the room. The Prince fainted away at the danger his dear Biby was in, but this was no concern to the Queen; the death of the cat took up all her thoughts, for which she moaned with horrible outcries: and she told the King, that if he did not revenge the death of that poor dear creature, she would put an end to her life; that Tity, to vex her, dealt with sorcerers; and that she should never enjoy a moment's rest, till he was disinherited, and the crown settled on his brother. The King consented, and promised that the Prince should be taken into custody the next day, and brought to his trial. The faithful Sprightly, who was not asleep at this juncture, had con-

veyed himself into the King's closet, and went immediately to give the Prince notice. His fear had quite removed the fever; he was getting ready to escape on horseback, when the fairy appeared to him, and said; "I can bear no longer with your mother's malice, and your father's weakness; I will give you a good army; you shall take them in their palace, and confine them with their darling Mirtillo: the throne shall be yours, and you shall immediately marry Biby." "Madam, (said the Prince to the fairy,) you know I love Biby beyond life, yet the desire of marrying her shall never make me forget what I owe to my father and mother; I had rather die this moment than take up arms against them." "Let me embrace you (said the fairy;) I was for trying your virtue, and had you complied with my proposal, I should have forsaken you; but as you have nobly declined this offer, I will be a never-failing friend to you, of which take this proof. Put on the figure of an old man, and as you will not be known under that appearance, travel over the kingdom, and get acquainted with all the wrongs done to your distressed subjects, that, when you are King, you may redress them. Sprightly, who must stay at court, will inform you of all that passes in

your absence." The Prince obeyed the fairy, and saw things which made him shudder. Justice was sold, the governors fleeced the people, the great trampled on the little ones, and all this was done in the King's name. At the end of two years, Sprightly sent him an account of his father's decease, and that the Queen had endeavoured to get his brother crowned, but that the four lords, those persons of honour, had opposed it, on his acquainting them, that he was still in being; and the Queen had fled with Mirtillo, to a province, where she had raised a rebellion. Tity, who had now reassumed his proper figure, went to his capital, where he was received and acknowledged as their King: after which, he wrote a very respectful letter to the Queen, requesting her not to cause any revolt, and at the same time offering a very handsome settlement to her and her son Mirtillo. The Queen, relying on her great army, wrote back, that she must have the crown, and she would come and take it off his head. This letter could not bring Tity to depart from the respect due to the Queen; but this wicked woman, upon advice that King Violent was coming with a numerous army to assist his friend Tity, thought it best to accept her son's proposals. Thus the

Prince saw himself in the quiet possession of his kingdom, and married his dear Biby, to the universal satisfaction of his subjects, who were pleased to have such a beautiful Queen.

Tity being now placed on his father's throne, began his reign with restoring order and regularity in his dominions; and, to effect this, he issued a proclamation, that all who had any just complaint should be admitted; the guards were forbid to turn away any person that would speak to him, even though it were a poor person, who came to beg an alms; "for (said this good Prince) I am the father of all my subjects, of the poor, as well as of the rich." At first, the courtiers were not alarmed with such uncommon speeches. "This won't last long, (said they:) the King is young; he will soon take to pleasure and diversions, and must leave the management of affairs to favourites." But they were mistaken; Tity husbanded his hours so well, that he had time for every thing. Besides, his care in punishing the first who committed any wrongs, spread such a terror, as kept every one to their duty. He had sent ambassadors to King Violent, with a compliment of thanks for the succours he had got together for him. This Prince acquainted him, that he should be overjoyed to see him once more;

and that, if he would come to the frontiers of his kingdom, he would wait on him with great pleasure. As every thing was perfectly quiet in Tity's kingdom, he agreed to the proposal, which suited with a design he had to enlarge and embellish the small house where he had first seen his dear Biby. Two of his officers were directed to buy all the neighbouring estates and lands, but without forcing the possessors; "for, (said he,) though I am a King, it is not my inclination to offer any violence to my subjects, and, after all, every one ought to be master of his small inheritance." In the mean time, Violent came to the frontiers; the two courts met, and made a most brilliant appearance. Violent had brought with him his only daughter Elisa, who, after Biby's marriage, was the most beautiful unmarried young lady in the world, and was also extremely good natured; and Tity had brought, with the Queen, one of his cousins, named Blanche, and who, over and above being very beautiful and virtuous, was mistress of a great deal of wit. As they were, in a manner, in the country, the two Kings declared their pleasure, that the company should be free from all restraint, and that several lords and ladies should be allowed to dine and sup with the two Kings

and Princesses: and, to take away all ceremony, the Kings when spoken to were not to be stiled *Your Majesty*, and whoever did, should pay a guinea forfeit. They had not been a quarter of an hour at table, when there came in a little old woman, in a very indifferent garb. Tity and Sprightly, who immediately knew her, rose to meet her, but she tipt them the wink, and they concluded she wished to be *incog.* and, addressing themselves to King Violent and the two Princesses, begged leave to introduce a good friend of theirs, who came to sup with them. The old woman, without further ceremony, placed herself next to Violent, in an arm chair, which nobody had presumed to sit in, out of respect to that Prince; whom she addressed in these words; “As the friends of our friends are also our friends, you will give me leave to be free with you.” Violent, who was naturally something lofty, was surprised at the familiarity of the old woman, but dissembled his resentment. The good woman had notice of the forfeit, to be paid whenever the term, *Your Majesty*, was used: but she had not been long at table, when speaking to Violent; “Your Majesty (said she) looks surprised at my freedom, but ’tis an old way of mine, and ’tis now too far on in the day

for me to mend, I beg your Majesty to forgive me." "A double forfeit, (cried Violent,) down with your two guineas." "May it please your Majesty to keep your temper, (said the old woman;) I had forgot that I must not say, *Your Majesty*, but your Majesty does not reflect, that, by not allowing yourself to be addressed with the term, *Your Majesty*, you put every one in mind of that constraint and ceremony which you mean to banish. This is not unlike to some, who, to make themselves familiar, say to guests at their table, though their inferiors; drink to me; nothing can be more impertinent than such civilities, 'tis just as if they said, remember, that it is not for such as you to drink my health without my leave. What I say is not at all to be excused paying the forfeits; I have forfeited seven, here they are," and, at the same time taking out of her pocket a purse, as much worn as if it had been a hundred years in use, threw seven guineas on the table. Violent knew not whether to resent, or smile at, the old woman's speech; a small thing would raise his passion, his blood began to grow warm; however, in regard to Tity, he resolved to moderate his temper, taking all in jest. "Well! (says he,) good mother, do just as

you please; whether you call me, *Your Majesty*, or not, I shall never be the less your friend." "I don't question that at all, (answered the old woman,) and on that account, I took the liberty to speak my mind, and shall do so whenever there is an occasion; no greater service can be done to our friends, than to admonish them of those things which we find fault with in their conduct." "Don't be too secure, (answered Violent,) there are moments wherein I should take such advice very ill." "Be so candid, my Prince, as to own, that one of those unlucky moments is not far off; you would give something considerable to be fairly rid of me. These are our heroes! They would be in the utmost confusion, were they reproached with flying before an enemy, and yielding without a battle, yet they coolly own, that they have not courage to withstand anger; as if being overcome by a passion, was not more shameful than being defeated by an enemy, whom it is not always in our power to get the better of. But let us direct our attention to something that will be more agreeable to you: give me leave to bring in my pages, who have some presents for the company." The old woman, upon this, struck the table, and four winged little boys, of extreme beauty,

came flying in at the four windows of the saloon, with each a basket full of jewels, extremely precious. Here King Violent, looking at the old woman, was astonished to see her turned into a beautiful young lady dressed as rich as a Queen, "Ah, madam, (said he to the fairy,) you are, I find, the merchant of medlars and nuts; be pleased to forgive my want of respect, as I had not the honour of knowing you." "This shews, (replied the fairy,) that we must never be wanting in a proper regard to any one: but, Prince, to satisfy you, that I am without any resentment, I desire your acceptance of a couple of presents; the first is this cup, made of one single diamond, but that is the least of its value; whenever you begin to find an emotion of anger, fill the cup with water, and drink it off in three draughts, and you will find your passion go off, and give place to reason; if you make a right use of the first present, you will deserve the second: I know you are in love with Princess Blanche; she finds you very agreeable, but dreads your extreme passion, and will never marry you, but on condition that you will make use of this cup." Violent, surprised that the fairy was so well acquainted with his faults and inclinations, owned, that, indeed, he should think himself

very happy in marrying Blanche? “ But, (added he,) should I be so happy as to obtain her consent, there is still a difficulty to get over: I could not easily resolve upon a second marriage, which would deprive my daughter of a crown.” “ That is a noble disposition of mind, (said the fairy;) there are few parents who sacrifice their inclinations to the happiness of their children; but let this be no hindrance: the King of Mogolan, who was a friend of mine, is lately dead, and has left no heirs; but, by my advice, has disposed of his crown in favour of Sprightly. He is not born a Prince, but deserves to be one. He loves Princess Elisa, and she is worthy to be the reward of Sprightly’s fidelity, and if her father consents, I am sure she will obey without difficulty.” Elisa blushed at this discourse. Sprightly was very agreeable to her, and she had heard with pleasure, what was related of his fidelity to his master. “ Madam, (said Violent,) we speak to each other with candour and sincerity; I have a great value for Sprightly, and, did not custom tie my hands, I should not desire him to have a crown, that I might bestow my daughter upon him; but men, and Kings especially, must respect established customs; and to give my daughter, who descends from one of the

noblest families, to a mere gentleman, would be departing grossly from those usages. You know, madam, that our family has been seated on the throne these three hundred years." "Prince, (the fairy replied,) you little know that Sprightly's family is no less ancient than yours; you are relations, and descended from two brothers; and besides, Sprightly ought to take place; he descends from the elder brother, and you from the younger." "If you prove this, (said King Violent,) I engage upon oath, to give my daughter to Sprightly, though the subjects of the late King of Mogolan should refuse to accept of him." "Nothing is easier to be shewn than the antiquity of Sprightly's family, (said the fairy;) he is sprung from the eldest son of Japhet, who was Noah's son, and settled in Peloponnesus, and your descent is from Japhet's second son." It was with great difficulty that all the company forbore breaking out into loud laughter, when they saw how gravely the fairy made a jest of Violent. He, indeed, was on the point of letting anger get the better of his reason; but Princess Blanche, who was on the side of Violent, immediately filled the diamond cup, and handed it to him; he drank it off at three times, according to the fairy's direction, and in the mean time reflected, that, in reality, all

men are by birth equal, as all coming from Noah, and that the only real difference arose from personal merit. When he had tipt off his cup, he said to the fairy: "Truly, madam, I am infinitely obliged to you; you have cured me of two great faults, a proud conceit of my greatness, and a habit of anger: I admire the virtue of the cup, that as I drank, I could feel my anger abate, and the reflections I made between the draughts have quite brought me to my reason." "I won't deceive you, (said the fairy:) there is no particular virtue in the cup I gave you; and I will explain the witchcraft of this water to all the company. A man of any reason would never be in a passion, unless through surprise, and want of reflection: now, filling the cup, and drinking it at three several draughts, takes up some time; the senses grow calm, reflection follows, and when the ceremonial is over, reason has had time to get the upper hand of passion." "I protest, madam, (said Violent,) I have learned more to-day than I ever did in my whole life. Happy Tity! with such a protectress, you will be the greatest Prince in the universe; but I must desire you to remind her of her promise to my friend." "You may be easy on that head, (answered she;) I remember my promise too well to forget it,





Tity's Honourable Determination.

and you have seen some proofs already, which I shall continue while you are docile; and this I hope will be to the end of our time. To-day let us lay aside all thoughts of any thing but diversions to solemnize your and the Princess Elisa's nuptials." Meanwhile word was brought to Tity, that the officers commissioned to purchase all the land and houses about Biby's waited without to speak to him. They were ordered to be brought in, and they shewed the plan of the works intended there. They had added to the house a spacious garden, and a large park; nothing was wanting to complete it but the pulling down a small house which stood just in the middle of one of the grand alleys, and spoiled the symmetry. "And why did you not clear it of that hovel?" said King Violent to the officers and architects. "Sire, (answered they,) our King ordered us not to compel, or offer violence to any one; and the master of this house would not part with it though we offered him four times the value." "If that base man were a subject of mine, (said Violent,) he should go to the gallows." "You would first drink off your cup," said the fairy. "I don't believe the cup would save his life, (answered Violent;) for, after all, is it not quite insupportable, that a King should not be master in his

own dominions, and that a fine work, on which his mind is bent, must suffer by the obstinacy of a wretch, who ought to esteem himself happy in the opportunity he had to make his fortune, by obliging his Prince, without reducing him to a necessity of using violence to his subject, or giving over his design?" "I will do neither, (said Tity, with a smile,) and yet this house I intend to make the chief ornament of my park." "That's impossible, (said Violent;) do all you can, it stands so, that it must appear a great disadvantage to the park." "I propose acting in this manner, (replied Tity;) I will build a wall about the house, high enough to keep him out of the park, but not so high as to intercept his view of it; it would be wrong to shut him up as it were in a prison; the wall shall be continued on both sides of the house with this inscription in gold letters. *A King, who made this park, chose that this defect should appear in it, rather than wrong one of his subjects by forcibly taking from him the inheritance of his fathers, to which he had no claim but by compulsion.*" "Every thing I see, (said Violent,) astonishes me; I own, that hitherto I had not so much as an idea of the heroic virtues which form great men. This wall, Tity, will be truly the ornament of your

park, as the noble action of raising it is an ornament of your life. But, madam, how is it that Tity has such a natural disposition to heroic virtues, of which, as I was saying, I have not even an idea?" "Great Prince, (answered the fairy,) Tity being brought up by parents, who had not the least affection for him, has been contradicted and crossed ever since he came into the world, and of course has got a habit of conforming his will to that of others in all matters of indifference. As he had not the least power in the kingdom during his father's life, and could confer no favour; and as it was known besides, that his father intended to disinherit him, the flatterers, who had nothing to hope or fear from him, did not give themselves the trouble of corrupting him, but left him to a few persons of honour, who, from mere duty, were attached to him: and in their instructive company he learned, that a King, though with an unlimited power to do good, should have his hands tied, when he is about doing evil; that he commands free persons, and not slaves; that the intention of the people, in submitting to their equals, and placing the crown on their heads, was, that they should be as fathers to them, protectors of the laws, and the sure refuge of the poor and injured.

You never heard these great truths, as you came to the throne at twelve years of age; the governors, who had charge of your education, had a view to make their fortune, by getting into your favour: your pride, they called a nobleness of spirit; your sallies of anger, excusable starts of youth; in a word, they succeeded in spoiling the best of characters; they have to this day been the cause of all your misfortunes; and those of your poor subjects, whom you have looked on, and treated as slaves, because you imagined them born only to be subservient to your fancies and humours; whereas, in reality, you yourself was born only to cherish and protect them." Violent allowed the truth of all the fairy said, and, what was not expected from him, took pains to overcome himself, that he might the better discharge his duty. He was encouraged in these good resolutions by the example of Tity and Sprightly, who, during their reigns, continued to excel in all the virtues which they brought to the throne.

* *FINIS.* *

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THE
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OF
LITTLE JACK.

THERE was once a poor lame old man that lived in the midst of a wide uncultivated moor, in the north of England. He had formerly been a soldier, and had almost lost the use of one leg by a wound he had received in battle, when he was fighting against the enemies of his country. This poor man, when he found himself thus disabled, built a little hut of clay, which he covered with turf dug from the common. He had a little bit of ground which he made a shift to cultivate with his own hands, and which supplied him with potatoes and vegetables; besides this, he sometimes

gained a few halfpence by opening a gate for travellers, which stood near his house. He did not indeed get much, because few people passed that way. What he earned was, however, enough to purchase clothes, and the few necessaries he wanted. But though poor, he was strictly honest, and never failed night and morning to address his prayers to God ; by which means he was respected by all who knew him, much more than many who were superior to him in rank and fortune. This old man had one domestic. In his walks over the common, he one day found a little kid that had lost its mother, and was almost famished with hunger : he took it home to his cottage, fed it with the produce of his garden, and nursed it till it grew strong and vigorous. Little Nan, (for that was the name he gave it) returned his cares with gratitude, and became as much attached to him as a dog. All day she browsed upon the herbage that grew around his hut, and at night reposed upon the same bed of straw with her master. Frequently did she divert him with her innocent tricks and gambols. She would nestle her little head in his bosom, and eat

out of his hand part of his scanty allowance of bread, which he never failed to divide with his favourite. The old man often beheld her with silent joy, and, in the innocent effusions of his heart, would lift his hands to heaven, and thank the Deity, that, even in the midst of poverty and distress, had raised him up one faithful friend.

One night, in the beginning of winter, the old man thought he heard the feeble cries and lamentations of a child. As he was naturally charitable, he arose and struck a light, and, going out of his cottage, examined on every side. It was not long before he discerned an infant, which had probably been dropped by some strolling beggar or gipsy. The old man stood amazed at the sight, and knew not what to do. Shall I, said he, who find it so difficult to live at present, incumber myself with the care of an helpless infant, that will not for many years be capable of contributing to its own subsistence? And yet, added he, softening with pity, can I deny assistance to an human being still more miserable than myself?—Will not that Providence which feeds the birds of the wood and the beasts of the field,

and which has promised to bless all those that are kind and charitable, assist my feeble endeavours? At least, let me give it food and lodging for this night; for without I receive it into my cottage, the poor abandoned wretch must perish with cold before the morning. Saying this, he took it up in his arms, and perceived it was a fine healthy boy, though covered with rags; the little foundling too seemed to be sensible of his kindness, and smiling in his face, stretched out his little arms, as if to embrace his benefactor.

When he had brought it into his hut, he began to be extremely embarrassed how to procure it food: but looking at Nan, he recollected that she had just lost her kid, and saw her udder distended with milk: he, therefore, called her to him, and, presenting the child to the teat, was overjoyed to find, that it sucked as naturally as if it had really found a mother. The goat too seemed to receive pleasure from the efforts of the child, and submitted without opposition to discharge the duties of a nurse. Contented with this experiment, the old man wrapped the child up as warmly as he could, and

stretched himself out to rest, with the consciousness of having done an humane action. Early the next morning he was awakened by the cries of the child for food, which, with the assistance of his faithful Nan, he suckled as he had done the night before. And now the old man began to feel an interest in the child, which made him defer some time longer the taking measures to be delivered from its care. Who knows, said he, but Providence, which has preserved this child in so wonderful a manner, may have destined it to something equally wonderful in his future life, and may bless me as the humble agent of his decrees? At least, as he grows bigger, he will be a pleasure and comfort to me in this lonely cabin, and will assist in cutting turf for fuel, and cultivating the garden. From this time he became more and more attached to the little foundling; who, in a short time, learned to consider the old man as a parent, and delighted him with his innocent caresses. Gentle Nanny too, the goat, seemed to adopt him with equal tenderness as her offspring: she would stretch herself out upon

the ground, while he crawled upon his hands and knees towards her; and when he had satisfied his hunger by sucking, he would nestle between her legs and go to sleep in her bosom.

It was wonderful to see how this child, thus left to nature, increased in strength and vigour. Unfettered by bandages or restraints, his limbs acquired their due proportions and form; his countenance was full and florid, and gave indications of perfect health; and, at an age when other children are scarcely able to support themselves with the assistance of a nurse, this little foundling could run alone. It was true that he sometimes failed in his attempts, and fell to the ground; but the ground was soft, and little Jack, for so the old man called him, was not tender or delicate; he never minded thumps or bruises, but boldly scrambled up again and pursued his way. In a short time, little Jack was completely master of his legs; and as the summer came on, he attended his mamma, the goat, upon the common, and used to play with her for hours together; some-

times rolling under her belly, now climbing upon her back, and frisking about as if he



had really been a kid. As to his clothing, Jack was not much encumbered with it: he had neither shoes, nor stockings, nor shirt; but the weather was warm, and Jack felt himself so much lighter for every kind of exercise. In a short time after this, Jack began to imitate the sounds of his papa, the man, and his mamma, the goat; nor was it long before he learned to speak articulately. The old man, delighted with this first dawn of reason, used to place him upon his knee, and converse with him for hours together, while his pottage was slowly

boiling amid the embers of a turf fire. As he grew bigger, Jack became of considerable use to his father; he could trust him to look after the gate, and open it during his absence; and, as to the cookery of the family, it was not long before Jack was a complete proficient, and could make broth almost as well as his daddy himself. During the winter nights, the old man used to entertain him with stories of what he had seen during his youth; the battles and sieges he had been witness to, and the hardships he had undergone; all this he related with so much vivacity, that Jack was never tired of listening. But what delighted him beyond measure was to see daddy shoulder



his crutch, instead of a musket, and give the word of command. To the right—to the left—present—fire—march—halt—all this was familiar to Jack's ear as soon as he could speak, and before he was six years old, he poized and presented a broom-stick, which his daddy gave him for that purpose, with as good a grace as any soldier of his age in Europe.

The old man too instructed him in such plain and simple morals and religion, as he was able to explain. "Never tell an untruth, Jack," said he, "even though you were to be flayed alive; a soldier never lies." Jack held up his head, marched across the floor, and promised his daddy that he would always tell the truth like a soldier. But the old man, as he was something of a scholar, had a great ambition that his darling should learn to read, and write; and this was a work of some difficulty; for he had neither printed book, nor pens, nor paper in his cabin. Industry, however, enables us to overcome difficulties; in the summer time, as the old man sat before his cottage, he would draw letters in the sand, and teach Jack to name them

singly, until he was acquainted with the whole alphabet ; he then proceeded to syllables, and after that to words ; all which his little pupil learned to pronounce with great facility : and, as he had a strong propensity to imitate what he saw, he not only acquired the power of reading words, but of tracing all the letters which composed them on the sand.

About this time, the poor goat, which had nursed Jack so faithfully, grew ill and died. He tended her with the greatest affection and assiduity during her illness, brought her the freshest herbs for food, and would frequently support her head for hours together upon his little bosom. But it was all in vain ; he lost his poor mammy, as he used to call her, and was for some time inconsolable ; for Jack, though his knowledge was bounded, had an uncommon degree of gratitude and affection in his temper. He was not able to talk as finely about love, tenderness, and sensibility, as many other little boys, that have enjoyed greater advantages of education, but he felt the reality of them in his heart, and thought it so natural to love every thing that loves us, that

he never even suspected it was possible to do otherwise. The poor goat was buried in the old man's garden, and thither little Jack would often come, and call upon his poor mammy Nan, and ask her why she had left him? One day, as he was thus employed, a lady happened to come by in a carriage, and overheard him before he was aware. Jack ran in an instant to open the gate; but the lady stopped, and asked him whom he was bemoaning so pitifully, and



calling upon. Jack answered, that it was his poor mammy, that was buried in the garden. The lady thought it very odd to hear of such a burial place, and therefore proceeded

to question him, "How did your mamma get her living?" said she. "She used to graze here upon the common all day long," said Jack. The lady was still more astonished; but the old man came out of his hut and explained the whole affair to her, which surprised her very much; for though this lady had seen a great deal of the world, and had read a variety of books, it had never once entered into her head that a child might grow strong and vigorous by sucking a goat, instead of eating pap. She therefore looked at Jack with amazement, admired his brown but animated face, and praised his shape and activity. "Will you go with me, little boy?" said she, "and I will take care of you, if you behave well." "No," said Jack, "I must stay with daddy; he has taken care of me for many years, and now I must take care of him; otherwise I should like very well to go with such a sweet, good-natured lady." The lady was not displeased with Jack's answer, and putting her hand in her pocket, gave him half a crown, to buy him shoes and stockings, and pursued her journey.

Jack was not unacquainted with the use

of money, as he had been often sent to the next village to purchase bread and necessities; but he was totally unacquainted with the use of shoes and stockings, which he had never worn in his life, or felt the want of. The next day, however, the old man bade him run to town, and lay his money out as the lady had desired; for he had too much honour to think of disobeying her commands, or suffering it to be expended for any other purpose. It was not long before Jack returned; but the old man was much surprised to see him come back as bare as he went out. "Heigh, Jack!" said he, "where are the shoes and stockings which you were to purchase?" "Daddy," answered Jack, "I went to the shop, and just tried a pair for sport, but I found them so cumbersome, that I could not walk, and I would not wear such things even if the lady would give me another half-crown for doing it; so I laid the money out in a warm jacket for you, because the winter is coming on, and you seem to be more afraid of the cold than formerly." Many such instances of conduct did Jack display; from which it was easy to per-

ceive, that he had an excellent soul and generous temper. One failing, indeed, Jack was liable to; though a very good-natured boy, he was a little too jealous of his honour. His daddy had taught him the use of his hands and legs, and Jack had such dispositions for the art of boxing, that he could beat every boy in the neighbourhood, of his age and size. Even if they were a head taller, it made no difference to Jack, provided they said any thing to wound his honour; for otherwise he was the most mild, pacific creature in the world. One day that he had been sent to the village, he returned with his eyes black, and his face swelled to a frightful size: it was even with difficulty that he was able to walk at all, so sore was he with the pommelling he had received. "What have you been doing now, Jack?" said the old man. "Only fighting with Dick the butcher." "You rogue," said the old man, "he is twice as big as you are, and the best fighter in all the country." "What does that signify?" said Jack, "he called you an old beggarman, and then I struck him; and I will strike him again whenever he calls you so, even

if he should beat me to pieces; for you know, daddy, that you are not a beggarman, but a soldier."

In this manner lived little Jack, until he was twelve years old; at this time his poor old daddy fell sick, and became incapable of moving about. Jack did every thing he could think of for the poor man; he made him broths, he fed him with his own hands, he watched whole nights by his bed-side, supporting his head and helping him when he wanted to move. But it was all in vain; his poor daddy grew daily worse, and perceived it to be impossible that he should recover. He one day therefore called little Jack to his bed-side, and pressing his hand



affectionately, told him he was just going to die. Little Jack burst into a flood of tears at this information, but his daddy desired him to compose himself, and attend to the last advice he should be able to give him. "I have lived," said the old man, "a great many years in poverty, but I do not know that I have been worse off than if I had been rich. I have avoided, perhaps, many faults, and many uneasinesses, which I should have incurred had I been in another situation; and though I have often wanted a meal and always fared hard, I have enjoyed as much health and life as usually falls to the lot of my betters. I am now going to die; I feel it in every part; the breath will soon be out of my body; then I shall be put in the ground, and the worms will eat your poor old daddy." At this Jack renewed his tears and sobbings, for he was unable to restrain them. But the old man said; "Have patience, my child; though I should leave this world, as I have always been strictly honest and endeavoured to do my duty, I do not doubt but God will pity me, and convey me to a better place, where I shall be happier than I have ever

been here. This is what I have always taught you, and this belief gives me the greatest comfort in my last moments. The only regret I feel, is for you, my dearest child, whom I leave unprovided for. But you are strong and vigorous, and almost able to get your living. As soon as I am dead, you must go to the next village, and inform the people that they may come and bury me. You must then endeavour to get into service, and work for your living; and, if you are strictly honest and sober, I do not doubt that you will find a livelihood, and that God, who is the common father of all, will protect and bless you. Adieu, my child, I grow fainter and fainter; never forget your poor old daddy, nor the example he has set you; but in every situation of life discharge your duty, and live like a soldier, and a Christian." When the old man had with difficulty uttered these last instructions, his voice entirely failed him, his limbs grew cold and stiff, and in a few minutes he expired without a groan. Little Jack, who hung crying over his daddy, called upon him in vain, in vain endeavoured to revive him. At length he pulled off his

clothes, went into his daddy's bed, and endeavoured for many hours to animate him with the warmth of his own body ; but finding all his endeavours fruitless, he concluded that he was indeed dead ; and therefore, weeping bitterly, he dressed himself, and went to the village as he had been ordered. The poor little boy was thus left entirely destitute, and knew not what to do ; but one of the farmers, who had been acquainted with him before, offered to take him into his house, and give him his victuals for a few months, till he could find a service. Jack thankfully accepted the offer, and served him faithfully for several months ; during which time he learned to milk, to drive the plough, and never refused any kind of work he was able to perform. But, by ill luck, this good-natured farmer contracted a fever, by over-heating himself in the harvest, and died in the beginning of winter. His wife was therefore obliged to discharge her servants, and Jack was again turned loose upon the world, with only his clothes, and a shilling in his pocket, which his kind mistress had made him a present of. He was very sorry for the loss of his

master ; but he was now grown bigger and stronger, and thought he should easily find employment. He therefore set out upon his travels, walking all day, and inquiring at every farm-house for work. But in this attempt he was unfortunate, for nobody chose to employ a stranger : and though he lived with the greastest economy, he soon found himself in a worse situation than ever, without a farthing in his pocket, or a morsel of bread to eat. Jack, however, was not of a temper to be easily cast down ; he walked resolutely on all day, but towards evening was overtaken by a violent storm of rain, which wetted him to the skin before he could find a bush for shelter. Now poor Jack began to think of his old daddy, and the comforts he had formerly enjoyed upon the common, where he had always a roof to shelter him, and a slice of bread for supper. But tears and lamentations were vain ; and therefore, as soon as the storm was over, he pursued his journey, in hopes of finding some barn or out-house to creep into for the rest of the night. While he was thus wandering about, he saw at some distance a great light, which seemed to come

from some prodigious fire. Jack did not know what this could be ; but, in his present situation, he thought a fire no disagreeable object, and therefore determined to approach it. When he came nearer, he saw a large building which seemed to spout fire and smoke at several openings, and heard an incessant noise of blows, and the rattling of chains. Jack was at first a little frightened, but summoning all his courage, he crept cautiously on to the building, and looking through a chink, discovered several



men and boys employed in blowing fires and hammering burning masses of iron. This was a very comfortable sight to him

in his present forlorn condition; so finding a door half open, he ventured in, and placed himself as near as he dared to one of the flaming furnaces. It was not long before he was discovered by one of the workmen, who asked him, roughly, what business he had there? Jack answered, with great humility, that he was a poor boy, looking out for work; that he had had no food all day, and was wet to the skin with the rain, which was evident enough from the appearance of his clothes. By great good luck the man he spoke to was good-natured, and therefore not only permitted him to stay by the fire, but gave him some broken victuals for his supper. After this, he laid himself down in a corner, and slept without disturbance till morning. He was scarcely awake the next day, when the master of the forge came in to overlook his men, who finding Jack, and hearing his story, began to reproach him as a lazy vagabond, and asked him why he did not work for his living. Jack assured him there was nothing he so earnestly desired, and that if he would please to employ him; there was nothing he

would not do to earn a subsistence. "Well, my boy," said the master, "if this be true, you shall soon be tried; nobody need be idle here;" so calling his foreman, he ordered him to set that lad to work, and pay him in proportion to his deserts. Jack now thought himself completely happy, and worked with so much assiduity, that he soon gained a comfortable livelihood, and acquired the esteem of his master. But unfortunately, he was a little too unreserved in his conversation, and communicated the story of his former life and education. This was great matter of diversion to all the other boys of the forge; who, whenever they were inclined to be merry, would call him little Jack the beggar-boy, and imitate the baaing of a goat. This was too much for his irascible temper, and he never failed to resent it; by which means he was engaged in continual quarrels and combats, to the great disturbance of the house; so that his master, though in other respects perfectly satisfied with his behaviour, began to fear that he should at last be obliged to discharge him.

It happened one day, that a large company of gentlemen and ladies were introduced to see the works. The master attended them, and explained, with great po-



liteness, every part of his manufacture. They viewed with astonishment the different methods by which that useful and necessary ore of iron is rendered fit for human use. They examined the furnaces where it is melted down, to disengage it from the dross, with which it is mixed in the bowels of the earth, and whence it runs down in liquid torrents like fire. They beheld with equal pleasure the prodigious hammers, which, moved by the force of water, mould

it into massy bars, for the service of man. While they were busy in examining these different processes, they were alarmed by a sudden noise of discord, which broke out on the other side of the building; and the master inquiring into the cause, was told that it was only little Jack, who was fighting with Tom the collier. At this, the



master cried out, in a passion, “there is no peace to be expected in the furnace, while that little rascal is employed; send him to me, and I will instantly discharge him.” At this moment Jack appeared, all covered with blood and dirt, and stood before his angry judge in a modest, but resolute pos-

ture. "Is this the reward," said his master, "you little audacious vagabond, for all my kindness? Can you never refrain a single instant from broils and fighting? But I am determined to bear it no longer; and therefore you shall never, from this hour, do a single stroke of work for me." "Sir, replied Jack, with great humility, but yet with firmness, "I am extremely sorry to have obliged you, nor have I ever done it willingly since I have been here; and if the other boys would only mind their business as well as I do, and not molest me, you would not have been offended now; for I defy them all to say, that, since I have been in the house, I have ever given any one the least provocation, or ever refused, to the utmost of my strength, to do whatever I have been ordered." "That's true, in good faith," said the foreman; "I must do little Jack the justice to say, that there is not a more honest, sober, and industrious lad about the place. Set him to what you will, he never sculks, never grumbles, never slights his work; and if it were not for a little passion and fighting, I don't believe there would be his fellow in Eng-

land." "Well," said the master, a little mollified, "but what is the cause of all this sudden disturbance?" "Sir," answered Jack, "it is Tom that has been abusing me, and telling me that my father was a beggarman and my mother a nanny-goat; and when I desired him to be quiet, he went baaing all about the house; and this I could not bear: for as to my poor father, he was an honest soldier; and if I did suck a goat, she was the best creature in the world, and I wont hear her abused while I have any strength in my body." At this harangue, the whole audience were scarcely able to refrain from laughing; and the master, with more composure, told Jack to mind his business, and threatened the other boys with punishment if they disturbed him.

But a lady who was in company seemed particularly interested about little Jack, and when she had heard his story, said, this must certainly be the little boy who opened a gate several years past for me upon Norcot Moor. I remember being struck with his appearance, and hearing him lament the loss of the goat that nursed him. I was very much affected with his history, and

since he deserves so good a character, if you will part with him, I will instantly take him into my service. The master replied, that he should part with him with great satisfaction to such an excellent mistress ; that, indeed, the boy deserved all the commendations which had been given ; but since the other lads had such an habit of plaguing, and Jack was of so impatient a temper, he despaired of ever composing their animosities. Jack was then called, and informed of the lady's offer, which he instantly accepted with the greatest readiness, and received immediate directions to her house.

Jack was now in a new sphere of life. His face was washed, his hair combed, he was clothed afresh, and appeared a very smart active lad. His business was to help in the stable, to water the horses, to clean shoes, to perform errands, and to do all the jobs of the family ; and in the discharge of these services, he soon gave universal satisfaction. He was indefatigable in doing what he was ordered, never grumbled, or appeared out of temper, and seemed so quiet

and inoffensive in his manners, that every body wondered how he had acquired the character of being quarrelsome. In a short time, he became both the favourite and the drudge of the whole family ; for, speak but kindly to him, and call him a little soldier, and Jack was at every one's disposal. This was Jack's particular foible and vanity ; at his leisure hours, he would divert himself by the hour together in poizing a dung-fork, charging with a broomstick, and standing centry at the stable-door. Another propensity of Jack's, which now discovered itself, was an immoderate love of horses. The instant he was introduced into the stable, he attached himself so strongly to these animals, that you would have taken him for one of the same species, or at least a near relation. Jack was never tired with rubbing down and currying them ; the coachman had scarcely any business but to sit upon his box ; all the operations of the stable were intrusted to little Jack, nor was it ever known that he neglected a single particular. But what gave him more pleasure than all the rest, was sometimes

to accompany his mistress upon a little horse, which he managed with infinite dexterity.

Jack too discovered a great disposition for all the useful and mechanic arts. He had served an apprenticeship already to the manufactory of iron, and of this he was almost as vain as being a soldier. As he began to extend his knowledge of the world, he saw that nothing could be done without iron. How would you plough the ground, said Jack; how would you dig your garden; how would you even light a fire, dress a dinner, shoe a horse, or do the least thing in the world, if we workmen at the forge did not take the trouble of preparing it for you? Thus Jack would sometimes expatiate upon the dignity and importance of his own profession, to the great admiration of all the other servants. These ideas naturally gave Jack a great esteem for the profession of a blacksmith; and, in his occasional visits to the forge with the horses, he learnt to make and fix a shoe as neatly as any artist in the country. Nor were Jack's talents confined to the manufactory

of iron; his love of horses was so great, and his interest in every thing that related



to them, that it was not long before he acquired a very competent knowledge in the art of sadlery.

Jack would also sometimes observe the carpenters when they were at work, and sometimes by stealth attempt the management of their tools, in which he succeeded as well as in every thing else, so that he was looked upon by every body as a very active, ingenious boy.

There was in the family where he now lived a young gentleman, the nephew of his

mistress, who had lost his parents, and was therefore brought up by his aunt. As Master Willets was something younger than Jack, and a very good-natured boy, he soon began to take notice of him, and be much diverted with his company. Jack, indeed, was not undeserving this attention; for although he could not boast any great advantages of education, his conduct was entirely free from all the vices to which some of the lower classes of people are subject. Jack was never heard to swear, or express himself with any indecency. He was civil and respectful in his manners to all his superiors, and uniformly good-natured to his equals. In respect to the animals entrusted to his care, he not only refrained from using them ill, but was never tired with doing them good offices. Added to this, he was sober, temperate, hardy, active, and ingenious, and despised a lie as much as any of his betters. Master Willets now began to be much pleased with playing at cricket and trap-ball with Jack, who excelled at both these games. Master Willets had a little horse, which Jack looked after, and not contented with looking after him in

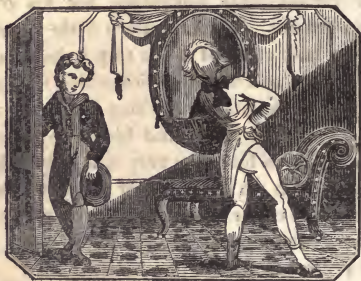
the best manner, he used to ride him at his leisure hours with so much care and address, that in a short time he made him the most gentle and docile little animal in the country. Jack had acquired this knowledge partly from his own experience, and partly from paying particular attention to an itinerant riding-master, that had lately exhibited various feats in that neighbourhood. Jack attended him so closely, and made so good a use of his time, that he learned to imitate almost every thing he saw, and used to divert the servants and his young master with acting the tailor's riding to Brentford.



The young gentleman had a master who used to come three times a week to teach him accounts, and writing, and geography. Jack used to be sometimes in the room while the lessons were given, and listened, according to custom, with so much attention to all that passed, that he received very considerable advantage for his own improvement. He had now a little money, and he laid some of it out to purchase pens and paper, and a slate, with which at night he used to imitate every thing he had heard and seen in the day; and his little master, who began to love him very sincerely, when he saw him so desirous of improvement, contrived, under one pretence or another, to have him generally in the room while he was receiving instruction himself.

In this manner Jack went on for some years, leading a life very agreeable to himself, and discharging his duty very much to the satisfaction of his mistress. An unlucky accident at length happened to interrupt his tranquillity. A young gentleman came down to visit Master Willets, who, having been educated in France, and among genteel people in London, had a very great

taste for finery, and a supreme contempt for all the vulgar. His dress too was a little particular, as well as his manners; for he spent half his time in adjusting his head, wore a large black bag tied to his hair behind, and would sometimes strut about for half an hour together with his hat under



his arm, and a little sword by his side. This young man had a supreme contempt for all the vulgar, which he did not attempt to conceal; and when he had heard the story of Jack's birth and education, he could scarcely bear to be in the same room with him. Jack soon perceived the aversion which the stranger entertained for him, and

at first endeavoured to remove it, by every civility in his power; but when he found that he gained nothing by all his humility, his temper, naturally haughty, took fire, and, as far as he dared, he plainly showed all the resentment he felt.

It happened one day, after Jack had received some very mortifying usage from this young gentleman, that as he was walking along the road, he met with a showman, who was returning from a neighbouring fair with some wild beasts in a cart. Among the rest was a middle-sized monkey, who was not under cover like the rest, and played so many antic tricks, and made so many grimaces, as engaged all Jack's attention, and delighted him very much; for he always had a propensity for every species of drollery. After a variety of questions and conversation, the showman, who probably wanted to be rid of his monkey, proposed to Jack to purchase him for half a crown. Jack could not resist the temptation of being master of such a droll diverting animal, and therefore agreed to the bargain. But when he was left alone with his purchase, whom he led along by a chain,

he soon began to repent his haste, and knew not how to dispose of him. As there was, however, no remedy, Jack brought him carefully home, and confined him safe in an out-house, which was not applied to any use. In this situation he kept him several days, without accident, and frequently visited him at his leisure hours, with apples, nuts, and such other presents as he could procure. Among the other tricks which the monkey had been taught to perform, he would rise upon his hind legs at the word of command, and bow with the greatest politeness to the company. Jack, who had found out these accomplishments in his friend, could not resist the impulse of making them subservient to his resentment. He, therefore, one day, procured some flour, with which he powdered his monkey's head, fixed a large paper bag to his neck, put an old hat under his arm, and tied a large iron skewer to his side, instead of a sword: and, thus accoutered, led him about with infinite satisfaction, calling him Monsieur, and jabbering such broken French as he had picked up from the conversation of the visitor. It happened very unluckily, at this very in-

stant, that the young gentleman himself passed by, and instantly saw at one glance the intended copy himself, and all the malice of little Jack; who was leading him along, and calling to him to hold up his



head, and look like a person of fashion. Rage instantly took possession of his mind, and drawing his sword, which he happened to have on, he ran the poor monkey through with a sudden thrust, and laid him dead upon the ground. What more he might have done is uncertain, for Jack, who was not of a temper to see calmly such an outrage committed upon an animal whom he considered as his friend, flew upon him like a fury, and wresting the sword out of his

hand, broke it into twenty pieces. The young gentleman himself received a fall in the scuffle, which, though it did him no



material damage, daubed all his clothes, and totally spoiled the whole arrangement of his dress. At this instant, the lady herself, who had heard the noise, came down, and the violence of poor Jack was too apparent to be excused. Jack, indeed, was submissive to his mistress, whom he was very sorry to have offended; but, when he was ordered to make concessions to the young gentleman, as the only conditions upon which he could be kept in the family, he absolutely refused. He owned, indeed, that he was much to blame for resenting

the provocations he had received, and endeavouring to make his mistress's company ridiculous; but as to what he had done in defence of his friend the monkey, there was no possible arguments which could convince him he was in the least to blame; nor would he have made submissions to the king himself.—This unfortunate obstinacy of Jack's was the occasion of his being discharged, very much to the regret of the lady herself, and still more to that of Master Willets. Jack therefore packed up his clothes in a little bundle, shook all his fellow-servants by the hand, took an affectionate leave of his kind master, and once more sallied out upon his travels.



He had not walked far before he came to a town, where a party of soldiers were beating up for volunteers. Jack mingled with the crowd that surrounded the recruiting serjeant, and listened with great pleasure to the sound of the fifes and drums; nor could he help mechanically holding up his head, and stepping forward with an air that shewed the trade was not entirely new to him. The serjeant soon took notice of these gestures, and seeing him a strong likely lad, came up to him, clapped him upon the back, and asked him if he would enlist.—



“You are a brave boy,” said he, “I can see it in your looks—come along with us,

and I don't doubt, in a few weeks, you'll be as complete a soldier as those who have been in the army for years."

Jack made no answer to this, but by instantly poisoning his stick, cocking his hat fiercely, and going through the whole manual exercise.—"Prodigious, indeed!" cried the serjeant, "I see you have been in the army already, and can eat fire as well as any of us. But come with us, my brave lad, you shall live well, have little to do, but now and then fight for your king and country, as every gentleman ought; and in a short time I don't doubt but I shall see you a captain, or some great man, rolling in wealth, which you have got out of the spoils of your enemies." "No," said Jack, "captain, that will never do—no tricks upon travellers—I know better what I have to expect if I enlist—I must lie hard, live hard, expose my life and limbs every hour of the day, and be soundly cudgelled every now and then into the bargain." "O'ons," cried the serjeant, "where did the young dog pick up all this? He is enough to make a whole company desert." "No," said Jack, "they shall never desert through

me ; for though I know this, as I am at present out of employment, and have a great respect for the character of a gentleman soldier, I will enlist directly in your regiment." " A brave fellow, indeed," said the serjeant ; " here, my boy, here is your money and your cockade ;" both which he directly presented, for fear his recruit should change his mind ; and thus in a moment little Jack became a soldier.

He had scarcely time to feel himself easy in his new accoutrements, before he was embarked for India in the character of a



marine. This kind of life was entirely new to Jack ; however, his usual activity

and spirit of observation did not desert him here; and he had not been embarked many weeks, before he was perfectly acquainted with all the duty of a sailor, and in that respect equal to most on board. It happened that the ship, in which he sailed, touched at the Corno Islands, in order to take in wood and water; these are some little islands near the coast of Africa, inhabited by blacks. Jack often went on shore with the officers, attending them on their shooting parties to carry their powder and shot, and the game they killed. All this country consists of very lofty hills, covered with trees and shrubs of various kinds, which never lose their leaves, from the perpetual warmth of the climate. Through these it is frequently difficult to force a way, and the hills themselves abound in precipices. It happened that one of the officers whom Jack was attending upon a shooting party, took aim at some great bird and brought it down; but as it fell into some deep valley, over some rocks which it was impossible to descend, they despaired of gaining their prey. Jack immediately, with officious haste, set off and ran down

the more level side of the hill, thinking to make a circuit and reach the valley into which the bird had fallen. He set off, therefore, but as he was totally ignorant of the country, he, in a short time, buried himself so deep in the wood, which grew continually thicker, that he knew not which way to proceed. He then thought it most prudent to return; but this he found as difficult to effect as the other. He therefore wandered about the woods with inconceivable difficulty all day, but could never find his company nor even reach shore, or obtain the prospect of the sea. At length the night approached, and Jack, who perceived it to be impossible to do that in the dark, which he had not been able to effect in the light, lay down under a rock, and composed himself to rest as well as he was able. The next day he rose with the light, and once more attempted to regain the shore: but unfortunately he had totally lost all idea of the direction he ought to pursue, and saw nothing around him but the dismal prospect of woods and hills and precipices, without a guide or path. Jack now began to be very hungry, but as he had a fowling-piece

with him, and powder and shot, he soon procured himself a dinner; and kindling a fire with some dry leaves and sticks, he roasted his game upon the embers, and



dined as comfortably as he could be expected to do in so forlorn a situation. Finding himself much refreshed, he pursued his journey, but with as little success as ever. On the third day, he indeed came in sight of the sea, but found that he was quite on a different side of the island from that where he left the ship, and that neither ship nor boat was to be seen. Jack now lost all hopes of rejoining his comrades, for he knew the ship was to sail, at farthest, upon

the third day, and would not wait for him. He therefore sat down very pensively upon a rock, and cast his eyes upon the vast extent of ocean which was stretched out before him. He found himself now abandoned upon a strange country, without a single friend, acquaintance, or even any one who spoke the same language. He at first thought of seeking out the natives, and making known to them his deplorable state; but he began to fear the reception he might meet with among them. They might not be pleased, he thought, with his company, and might take the liberty of treating him as the white men generally treat the blacks when they get them into their possession; that is, make him work hard with very little victuals, and knock him on the head if he attempted to run away. And, therefore, says Jack, as he was meditating all alone, it may, perhaps, be better for me to stay quiet where I am. It is true, indeed, I shall not have much company to talk to, but then I shall have nobody to quarrel with me, or baa, or laugh at my poor daddy and mammy. Neither do I at present see how I shall get a livelihood, when my powder and

shot are all expended ; but, however, I shall hardly be starved, for I saw several kinds of fruits in the woods, and some roots which look very much like carrots. As to clothes, when mine wear out, I shall not much want new ones ; for the weather is charmingly warm ; and, therefore, all things considered, I don't see why I should not be as happy here as in any other place. When Jack had finished his speech, he set himself to find a lodging for the night. He had not examined far before he found a dry cavern in a rock, which he thought would prove a very comfortable residence ; he therefore went to work with an hatchet he had with him, and cut some boughs of trees, which he spread upon the floor, and over those a long silky kind of grass, which he found in plenty near the place, to make himself a bed. His next care was, how to secure himself in case of any attack, for he did not know whether the island contained any wild beasts or not. He therefore cut down several branches of trees, and wove them into a kind of wicker work, as he had seen the men do hurdles when he lived with the farmer ; with this contrivance he found

he could very securely barricade the entrance of his cave. And now, as the evening was again approaching, he began to feel himself hungry, and seeking along the sea-shore, he found some shell-fish, which supplied him with a plentiful meal. The next day Jack arose, a little melancholy indeed, but with a resolution to struggle manfully with the difficulties of his situation. He walked into the woods and saw several kinds of fruit and berries, some of which he ventured to eat, as the birds had pecked them, and found the taste agreeable. He also dug up several species of roots, but feared to taste them lest they should be poisonous. At length, he selected one that very much resembled a potatoe, and determined to roast it in the embers, and taste a very small bit. It can hardly, thought Jack, do me much hurt, in so very small a quantity; and if that agrees with me I will increase the dose. The root was fortunately extremely wholesome and nutritive, so that Jack was in a very short time tolerably secure against the danger of wanting food. In this manner did Jack lead a kind of savage, but tolerably contented, life for

several months ; during which time he enjoyed perfect health, and was never discovered by any of the natives. He used several times a-day to visit the shore, in hopes that some ship might pass that way and deliver him from his solitary imprisonment. This, at length, happened, by the boat of an English ship, that was sailing to India, happening to touch upon the coast ; Jack instantly hailed the crew, and the officer,



upon hearing the story, agreed to receive him ; the captain too, when he found that Jack was by no means a contemptible sailor, very willingly gave him his passage, and

promised him a gratuity besides, if he behaved well.

Jack arrived in India without any accident, and, relating his story, was permitted to serve in another regiment, as his own was no longer there. He soon distinguished himself by his courage and good behaviour on several occasions, and before long was advanced to the rank of a serjeant. In this capacity, he was ordered out upon an expedition into the remote parts of the country. The little army in which he served now marched on for several weeks through a burning climate, and in want of all the necessaries of life. At length they entered upon some extensive plains, which bordered upon the celebrated country of the Tartars. Jack was perfectly well acquainted with the history of this people, and their method of fighting. He knew them to be some of the best horsemen in the world; indefatigable in their attacks, though often repulsed returning to the charge, and not to be invaded with impunity; he, therefore, took the liberty of observing to some of the officers, that nothing could be more dangerous than

their rashly engaging themselves in those extensive plains, where they were every moment exposed to the attacks of cavalry,



without any successful method of defence, or place of retreat, in case of any misfortune. These remonstrances were not much attended to, and after a few hours farther march, they were alarmed by the approach of a considerable body of Tartar horsemen. They, however, drew up with all the order they were able, and firing several successive volleys, endeavoured to keep the enemy at a distance. But the Tartars had no design of doing that with a considerable loss, which

they were sure of doing with ease and safety. Instead, therefore, of charging the Europeans, they contented themselves with giving continual alarms, and menacing them on every side, without exposing themselves to any considerable danger. The army now attempted to retreat, hoping that they should be able to arrive at the neighbouring mountains, where they would be safe from the incursions of the horse. But in this attempt they were equally disappointed; for another considerable body of enemies appeared on that side, and blocked their passage. The Europeans now found they were surrounded on all sides, and that resistance was vain. The commanding officer, therefore, judged it expedient to try what could be effected by negociation, and sent one of his officers, who understood something of the Tartar language, to treat with the general of the enemies. The Tartar chief received the Europeans with great civility, and after having gently reproached them with their ambition, in coming so far to invade a people who had never injured them, he consented upon very moderate

conditions to their enlargement : but he insisted upon having their arms delivered up, except a very few which he permitted them to keep for defence in their return, and upon retaining a certain number of Europeans as hostages for the performance of the stipulated articles. Among those who were thus left with the Tartars Jack happened to be included, and while all the rest seemed inconsolable at being thus made prisoners by a barbarous nation, he alone, accustomed to all the vicissitudes of life, retained his cheerfulness, and prepared to meet every reverse of fortune with his usual firmness.

The Tartars, among whom Jack was now to reside, constitute several different tribes or nations, which inhabit an immense extent of country both in Europe and Asia. Their country is in general open and uncultivated, without cities or towns, such as we see in England. The inhabitants themselves are a bold and hardy race of men that live in small tents, and change their place of abode with the different seasons of the year. All their property consists in

herds of cattle, which they drive along with them from place to place ; and upon whose milk and flesh they subsist. They are particularly fond of horses, of which they have a small but excellent breed, hardy and indefatigable for the purposes of war, and they excel in the management of them beyond what is easy to conceive. Immense herds of these animals wander loose about the deserts, but marked with the particular mark of the person or tribe to which they belong. When they want any of these animals for use, a certain number of their young men jump upon their horses with nothing but an halter to guide them, each carrying in his hand a pole with a noose or cord at the end. When they come in sight of the herd, they pursue the horse they wish to take at full speed, come up with him in spite of his swiftness, and never fail to throw the noose about his neck as he runs. They are frequently known to jump upon young horses that have passed their whole life in the desert, and with only a girt around the animal's body to hold by, maintain their seat, in spite of all his violent

exertions, until they have wearied him out and reduced him into perfect obedience. Such was the nation with whom the lot of Jack was now to reside, nor was he long before he had an opportunity of showing his talents.

It happened that a favourite horse of the chief was taken with a violent fever, and seemed to be in immediate danger of death. The Khan, for so he is called among the Tartars, seeing his horse grow hourly worse, at length applied to the Europeans, to know if they could suggest any thing for his recovery. All the officers were profoundly ignorant of farriery; but when the application was made to Jack, he desired to see the horse, and with great gravity began to feel his pulse, by passing his hand within the animal's fore-leg; which gave the Tartars a very high idea of his ingenuity. Finding that the animal was in a high fever, he proposed to the Khan to let him blood, which he had learned to do very dexterously in England. He obtained permission to do as he pleased; and having, by great good luck, a lancet with him, he let him blood

very dexterously in the neck. After this operation he covered him up, and gave him a warm



potion made out of such ingredients as he could procure upon the spot, and left him quiet. In a few hours the horse began to mend, and, to the great joy of the Khan, perfectly recovered in a few days. This cure, so opportunely performed, raised the reputation of Jack so high, that every body came to consult him about their horses, and in a short time he was the universal farrier of the tribe. The Khan himself conceived so great an affection for him, that he gave him an excellent horse to ride upon and attend

him in his hunting parties ; and Jack, who excelled in the art of horsemanship, managed him so well as to gain the esteem of the whole nation.



The Tartars, though they are excellent horsemen, have no idea of managing their horses, unless by violence ; but Jack in a short time, by continual care and attention, made his horse so docile and obedient to every motion of his hand and leg, that the Tartars themselves would gaze upon him with admiration, and allow themselves to be outdone. Not contented with this, he procured some iron, and made his horse-shoes in the European taste ; this also was

matter of astonishment to all the Tartars, who are accustomed to ride their horses unshod. He next observed that the Tartar saddles are all prodigiously large and cumbersome, raising the horseman up to a great distance from the back of his horse. Jack set himself to work, and was not long before he had completed something like an English hunting saddle, on which he paraded before the Khan. All mankind seem to have a passion for novelty, and the Khan was so delighted with this effort of Jack's ingenuity, that, after paying him the highest compliments, he intimated a desire of having such a saddle for himself. Jack was the most obliging creature in the world, and spared no labour to serve his friends; he went to work again, and in a short time completed a saddle still more elegant for the Khan. These exertions gained him the favour and esteem both of the Khan and all the tribe; so that Jack was an universal favourite, and loaded with presents, while all the rest of the officers, who had never learned to make a saddle or an horse-shoe, were treated with contempt and indifference. Jack, indeed, behaved with the great-

est generosity to his countrymen, and divided with them all the mutton and venison which were given him; but he could not help sometimes observing, that it was great pity they had not learned to make an horse-shoe instead of dancing and dressing hair.

And now an ambassador arrived from the English settlements, with an account that all the conditions of the treaty had been performed, and demanding the restitution of the prisoners. The Tartar chief was too much a man of honour to delay an instant, and they were all restored; but before they set out, Jack laboured with indefatigable zeal to finish a couple of saddles and a dozen horse-shoes, which he presented to the Khan with many expressions of gratitude. The Khan was charmed with this proof of his affection, and in return made him a present of a couple of fine horses, and several valuable skins of beasts. Jack arrived without any accident at the English settlements; and selling his skins and horses, found himself in possession of a moderate sum of money. He now began to have a desire to return to England, and one of the

officers, who had often been obliged to him during his captivity, procured him a discharge. He embarked, therefore, with all his property on board a ship, which was returning home, and in a few months was safely landed at Plymouth.



But Jack was too active and too prudent to give himself up to idleness. After considering various schemes of business, he determined to take up his old trade of forging; and for that purpose made a journey into the North, and found his old master alive, and as active as ever. His master, who had always entertained an esteem for

Jack, welcomed him with great affection, and being in want of a foreman, he engaged him at a very handsome price for that place. Jack was now indefatigable in the execution of his new office; inflexibly honest where the interests of his master were concerned, and at the same time humane and obliging to the men who were under him, he gained the affection of all about him. In a few years his master was so thoroughly convinced of his merit, that growing old himself, he took Jack into partnership, and committed the management of the whole business to his care. He continued to exert the same qualities now which he had done before, by which means he improved the business so much, as to gain a considerable fortune, and become one of the most respectable manufacturers in the country.—But, with all this prosperity, he never discovered the least pride or haughtiness; on the contrary, he employed part of his fortune to purchase the moor where he formerly lived, and built himself a small, but convenient house, upon the very spot where his daddy's hut had formerly stood. Hither he would sometimes retire from business,

and cultivate his garden with his own hands, for he hated idleness.



To all his poor neighbours he was kind and liberal, relieving them in their distress, and often entertaining them at his house, where he used to dine with them with the greatest affability, and frequently relate his own story, in order to prove that it is of very little consequence how a man comes into the world, provided he behaves well, and discharges his duty when he is in it.

FINIS.

ON

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IF pensive genius ever pour'd the tear
Of votive anguish o'er the poet's bier ;
If drooping Britain ever knew to mourn
In silent sorrow o'er the patriot's urn,
Here let them weep their *Day's* untimely
doom,

And hang their fairest garlands o'er his tomb ;
For never poet's hand did yet consign
So pure a wreath to virtue's holy shrine ;
For never patriot try'd before to raise
His country's welfare on so firm a base ;
Glory's bright form he taught her youth to
see,

And bade them merit freedom to be free.
No sculptur'd marble need his worth pro-
claim,

No herald's sounding style record his name,
For long as sense and virtue fame can give,
In his own works his deathless name shall live.

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